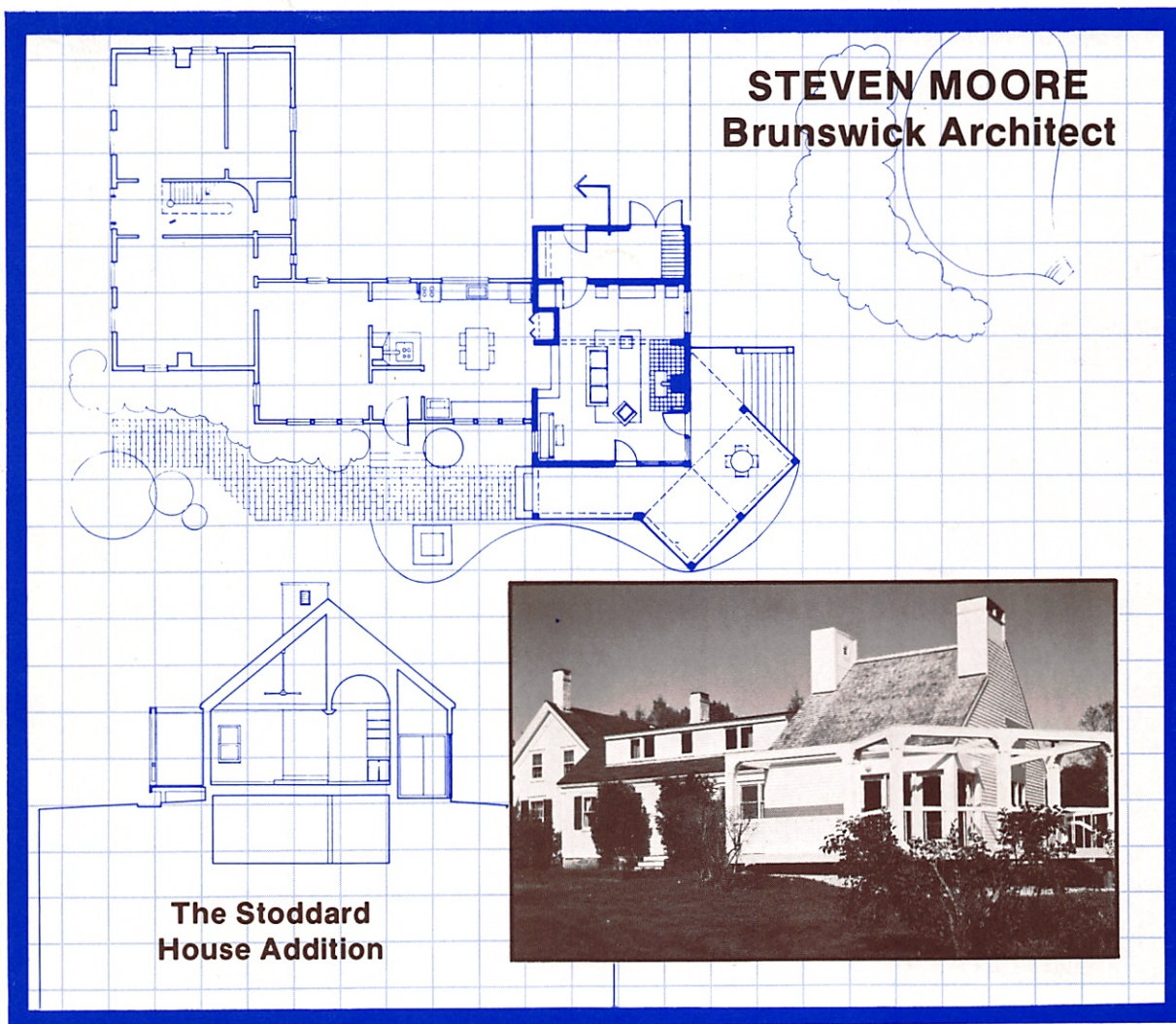


Bitter Sweet

ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME SIX, NUMBER THREE
MARCH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE



STEVEN MOORE
Brunswick Architect

**The Stoddard
House Addition**

NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE MONTH

**Pre-Manufactured Housing: A Talk with Dick Henderson,
Hayward Luck and John Schiavi**

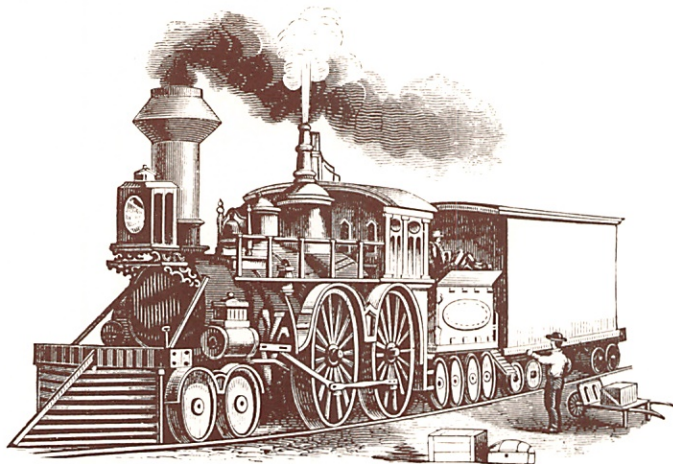
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March 1982: Mellie Dunham by Dr. Barnes; Stuart Martin of Rumford; Maple recipes; Church Architecture; Dr. Lacombe poses some interesting questions; great poetry from small fry in Woodstock; and an essay on Maine Winters by Donna Pizzi.

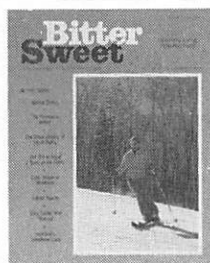
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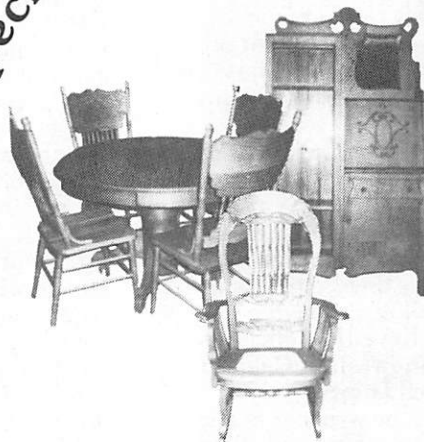
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Bitter Sweet Views

VAGARIES

As I write this column, Maine is yet again the victim of a strange, nearly snowless winter. With its brown grass and 50° days, it reminds me more of South Carolina, where I spent several winters, than my native state. But this is the third such Maine winter in the past five years.

This whimsy of nature has a tendency to upset people. "The climate is changing," they say. "The weather is all messed up." Perhaps the climate is changing; perhaps the polar ice cap is melting, the weather getting warmer. I'm no meteorologist, so I don't know; but I don't believe the folks having phenomenal snowfall in Colorado or Minnesota would agree.

The truth is, the weather is *always* changing, often whimsical. Remember the old tales about 1816—"the year

without a summer?" There are patterns to weather, without a doubt, but perhaps we need to draw back farther than a few years in order to see them. Perhaps we have to look at hundreds of years . . . maybe thousands. The earth evolves and mankind tries to ruin it, but I have a feeling that it will continue on, nevertheless.

This all reminds me that patience is part and parcel of life—especially life in the country (and life in Maine, where even the city is nearly country). Faith is another: the traditional faith in seedtime and harvest, water and sunlight, cold and heat. A good measure of planning and perseverance is necessary, too, of course. Just ask the poor beleaguered ski area owners!

As 1983 starts, we still hope that the usual winter pattern will occur; and if it does, January will be frigid, February deepest in snow, and March's icy winds will be precursors to spring. And, if we've planned ahead, there's wood enough in the shed, apples enough in the "sullar" to last us through the vagaries of weather until it's warm and green again. We aren't kidding. The poor unfortunates who fall victim to weather are those who

haven't planned ahead enough to see that they can't drive without snow tires, survive a blizzard without food stored, or build their homes in the flood plains or on the beach.

There's an old English proverb which says: "The best (winter) tonic is a warm diet, warm clothes, and a merry, honest wife." Though we'd prefer to say spouse, or even mate, Dr. Lacombe in his *Medicine For The Hills* column relates the same kind of theory to the natural organization of life (pg. d).

We are particularly proud of Dr. Lacombe's well-written health education columns, which we have published on a large number of subjects ever since April, 1978. Two public accolades have recently been given them. A self-help health education group led by Paula Hiss in Lewiston is using the *Medicine For The Hills* series as a teaching text. In addition, George Nilson of the Maine Lung Association contacted us about using "The Legacy," a poignant anti-smoking cry printed in our last issue (Dec., 1982), for re-printing as part of their crusade against smoking.

Increasingly, our humble publication is being singled out for praise in its coverage of fiction; for its profiles and nostalgia about Maine people; and for its promotion of the arts and health. We must share that praise with our poor-but-loyal contributors and our exceedingly faithful readers—who continue picking and sharing **BitterSweet** all over the country. From here, 1983 looks as if it *might* be the year of success for us. Keep up the good reading!

Meanwhile, we hope you'll like this March's look at architecture (pg. 5) and building (pg. 9) in Maine—for National Architecture Month—and at the Finnish American Heritage (pg. 13)—for St. Uhro's Day. And those of you who met the fictional "Kaisa and Matti Kilponen" in Rebecca Cummings' excellent and hilarious tale, "The Day George Pottle Ate Turnip Pie," last April will be delighted to see them again in "Another Miracle" (pg. 15).

All this sure does add a little excitement to an icy, gray month. Good Reading!

Nancy Marcotte

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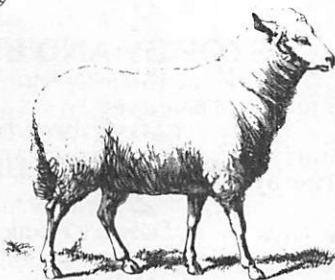
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David E. Gilpatrick, *Publishers*

Nancy Chute Marcotte, *Editor*

Paul Brook, *Advertising Manager*

Diane Barnes, Libby Bryant,
Francine Tanguay, *Advertising Sales*

Martin Dibner, *Consultant on the Arts*

Karen Hakala
Production Artist

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ME. 04268

Phone: 207 / 743-9005

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Paris, ME. 04281. You will not
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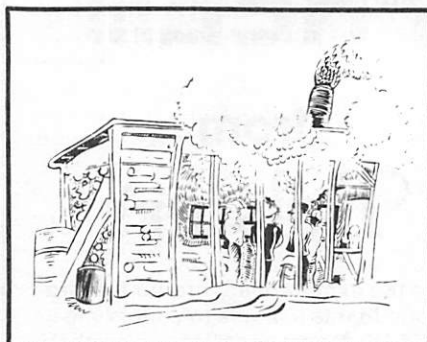
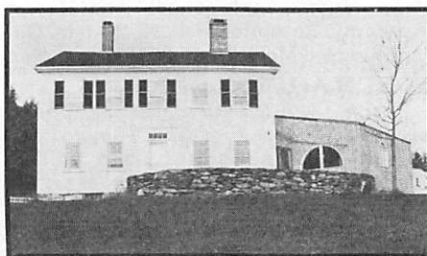
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Cross Roads

Poetry:

- 8 Water Frame
by Jennie St. James
Winter in Maine
by Joan Marr



Insert:

- a Ayah (letters to the editor).
c Potpourri: Gardening Tips by
Margaret Harriman.
d Medicine For The Hills: Give
and Take by Dr. Michael
Lacombe.

Cover: The Stoddard House
addition, designs by Steven Moore
of Moore, Weinrich and Woodard,
Brunswick. Photograph by Abelardo
Morrell.

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Goings On

PORTLAND MUSEUM OF ART

Feb. 11: *Preview* of Charles Shipman Payson Building, Fri. 6-7 p.m. *Silent Auction* by Museum Guild, 9 p.m. of such items as a Subaru; passage for two on yacht *Warrior* to the America Cup races; week in Bermuda, etc. Dinner buffet and cash bar, \$18 cover charge. Reservations: Museum Guild, Mary Arnold, 16 Bayberry Dr., Cumberland Center, ME 04021.

Long-term artists-in-residence program with the *New England Piano Quartette* and the *Portland Chamber Music Society*.

PORTLAND CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY

Mar. 27 & 28: *Mass in B Minor, J.S. Bach*. Robert Russell, Director. Sun. at 4 p.m. & Mon. at 7:45 p.m., PSO Candlelight Series/Eastland Ballroom, Portland. Admission.

LPL PLUS APL

Mar. 11: *Jay O'Callahan, raconteur*, United Baptist Church, Lewiston, Fri. at 7:30 p.m. \$2.50 adult/\$1.50 child.

Mar. 13: Film *Heartland*, based on books of Elinor Randall Stewart about pioneer life for a strong American woman.

Mar. 27: Film *8 1/2*, Federico Fellini Classic. Promenade Mall Cinema, Sundays at 2 p.m. Admission \$2.50.

Mar. 26: *Schooner Fare* in concert. Maine's favorite troubadours Steve & Chuck Romanoff & Tom Rowe. Early ticket purchase strongly recommended. Sat. 7:45 p.m., United Baptist Church, 250 Main St. Lewiston. \$3.00 adult/\$1.50 child. Write 36 Oak St., Dingley Bldg., Lewiston 04240 or get tickets at Public Libraries.

HEBRON ACADEMY

Feb. 27: Film *Never Give A Sucker An Even Break*, W.C. Fields, 1941. Sun. 2 p.m., Science Lecture Hall. \$2.00 adult/\$1.00 student.

Feb. 13 - Mar. 5: *Community Art Show* at Hupper Gallery, featuring work by students of area high schools and Hebron Academy. Reception Feb. 13, 2-4 p.m. Gallery hrs.: 9-3 Mon.-Fri.; 7:30-9:30 p.m. Sun.

FORUM A: UM Augusta

Spring Lecture Series: **Mar. 3**, *Contemporary Sculpture, Process & Thought* with Robert Katz in Auditorium & Gallery Lounge, Jewett Hall, Augusta. **Mar. 17**, *The Wyeth Family* with Val Duffy of Farnsworth Museum. Room 180, Jewett Hall. **Mar. 24**, *Understanding Modern Dance*, Mary Blum, Room 180. Informal presentations, 11:30 a.m. Bring a lunch. Donation.

Mar. 4: *Jay O'Callahan*, storyteller & one-man theatre, Jewett Hall Auditorium, Fri. 8 p.m. \$6.50. Reservations: 622-7131, ext. 212.

MARSDEN HARTLEY Visionary of Maine

Exhibitions of the vivid images of art & poetry created by Hartley (b. Lewiston, Me. 1877; died Corea, Me. 1943). He brought the international art revolution back to his regional roots. Travelling Show. **Feb. 27 - Mar. 30**, *Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk*. Poetry Reading & Slide Lecture, Thurs. Mar. 3. **April 10 - May 15**, *Colby College Museum of Art, Waterville*.

WESTBROOK COLLEGE

Cultural Series: **Mar. 2** Eldercenter Illumination *The Natural History of the Rocky Intertidal Zone*, Douglas Vollmer. **Mar. 23:** *The Ready-Made Rescue: Growth of Ready-to-Wear Industry*, Jacqueline Field. Weds. 2 p.m., Wing Lounge, Alexander Hall.

Exhibit: *Photographs by Rose Marasco and Paper Paintings, 3-D Objects by Serena Hazard*. Reception 5-8 p.m. **Mar. 23**. Continues through Apr. 14, Alexander Hall Gallery. Hrs.: Sun.-Thurs. 1-4 p.m.

Whitney Payson Gallery of Art: Thru. **Mar. 13**, *Jack Muench*, painter/lithographer/founder of Maine Printmaking Workshop. Also Payson Collection Paintings & Lithographs. **Mar. 20 - April 30:** *New Architecture/Maine Traditions*. Exploring aesthetic & social significance of architectural design, featuring: Roc Caivano, Christopher Glass, Leland Hulst, Robert Knight, C. Richard Malm, William Nemmers, Winton Scott, Terrien Architects, and drawings by Marjorie Moore. *Three noontime talks* at Portland Public Library. **Mar. 2:** Social Historian Joyce Bibber on the stylistic development of Maine's architecture; **Mar. 9:** Bibber & Earl Shettleworth, Jr. will discuss the eight featured buildings & their stylistic antecedents; **Mar. 15:** successes & failures of International Style by critic Philip M. Isaacson. (For more, see feature on page 6.)

FARNSWORTH MUSEUM

Exhibition through **Mar. 27** of *Six Artists in Maine*. Main Gallery: paintings by Charles Duback, Tenant's Harbor; Lee Winslow Court, Monhegan; Nancy Wissemann-Widrig, Cushing. In Hadlock Gallery: sculpture by Priscilla Pattison, Lincolnville; paintings by Jacques Rochester, Thomaston; Joe Fiore, Jefferson. Rockland.

PEJEPS COT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Initiating a half-million dollar fund drive to restore two Victorian Houses: the Skolfield House, brick home of sea captain Samuel Skolfield, 159 Maine St. on Park Row, to use for museum collections & programs of the Society; and the Chamberlain/Longfellow home at 226 Maine St., to be a Civil War Museum in honor of war hero & governor General Joshua L. Chamberlain and poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who once lived there. 11 Lincoln St., Brunswick, ME 04011. Tel. 207-729-4622.

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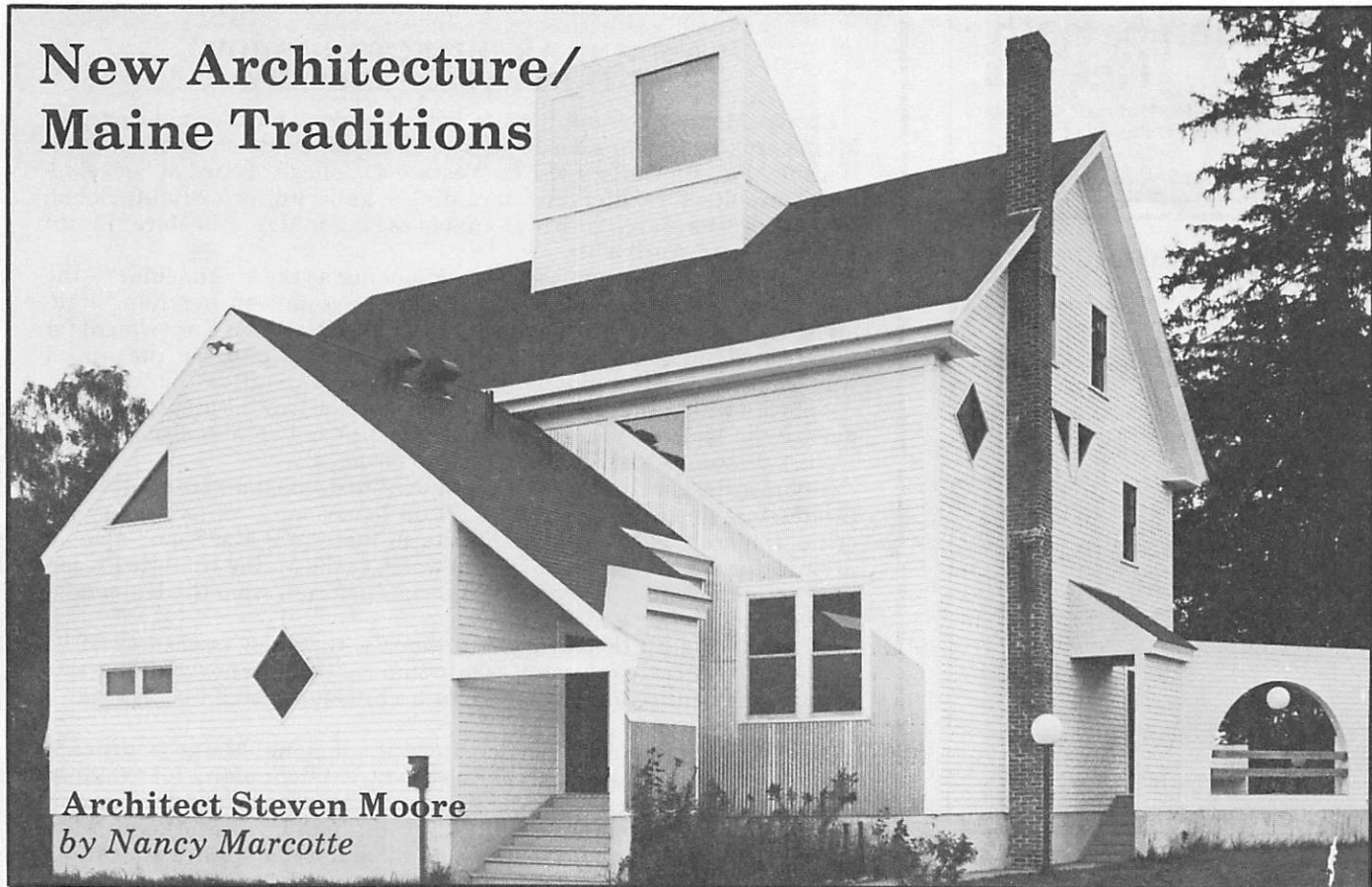
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New Architecture/ Maine Traditions



Architect Steven Moore
by Nancy Marcotte

There is some kind of emotional mystique about building for mankind. Who among us has not kept a picture or a plan of the "dream house" we would choose to build someday? And haven't we all come into contact with a building we do not like or think appropriate? Architecture is a very personal subject—about our likes & dislikes.

The architect, the designer, has also been imbued with much of this mystique. Often stylized in film and literature, the architect with a capital A has both been given and denied the philosophical power to decide the styles with which we all live. And it can be a mighty power—as men like Brunelleschi, Richardson, Wright, Gropius, and van de Rohe have proven down through the years.

To paraphrase iconoclastic writer Tom Wolfe, architects' designs, once built, cannot be ignored (unlike other art forms such as painting and sculpture). For this reason, if no other, many people have come to distrust architects and their spectacular designs.

In Maine, of course, the architect has not been as obvious as the simple builder. Our first houses, still standing, were designed along tried-and-true lines of practicality (for instance, center chimneys and south alignments to help heat them); with slight adjust-

(Above) Our Lady of Ransom Catholic Church, Mechanic Falls. Designed ten years ago by Moore/Weinrich, it converted a one-time barn into a flexible sanctuary, with kitchen, baths, and classrooms added. Steven Moore (below) says the project was a successful manipulation of the vernacular of regional building.



ments for individual needs, sites, and incomes. They were built by colonial families with no design experience whatsoever, but a very personal involvement.

We were well into the 19th century before professionals became very much involved in the Jeffersonian trend of shaping our building images to reflect our thoughts and actions—to create, as Yale architect Vincent Scully, Jr., says "an environment for human(s) . . . as they believe themselves to be."

With building costs at a premium and demands for workable, efficient space—either new or refurbished—at an all-time high, architects are more vital to our society than ever before. At the same time, in Maine at least, they are less visible than they were a few years ago—preferring more and more to abandon scholastic enclaves for quieter practices out among the people.

Steven Moore is a professional of this ilk. He came to Maine with a conscious desire to participate in an architectural tradition which was still

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A MAINE ARCHITECTURE SHOW AT THE PAYSON GALLERY

Steven Moore's commitment to both the new and the traditional in Maine architecture has led directly to an exciting new show at the Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art, Westbrook College. Aimed at "developing an architectural literacy," according to gallery director Judith Sobol, the show opens March 20th (designated as National Architecture Month) and runs until April 30th.

It began two years ago as a way of looking at the "vernacular"—the language of the native architecture of New England—rather than "high-style." It was proposed to, but not funded by the National Endowment for the Arts. When boiled down to be uniquely Maine in theme, the project was wholeheartedly supported by the Maine Humanities Council.

This is a wide-ranging show of designs by eight Maine architects done during the last ten years and is intended to spawn a series of public lecture programs and a major catalog (see pg. 4).

Moore is the guest curator for the show, but decisions were made by an interestingly eclectic committee: Philip Isaacson, a contemporary art critic; Deborah Thompson, architectural historian; Ms. Sobol, also an architectural historian; Earl Shettleworth of the Maine Historic Preservation Commission; Joyce Bibber, social historian from the University of Southern Maine; and Moore.

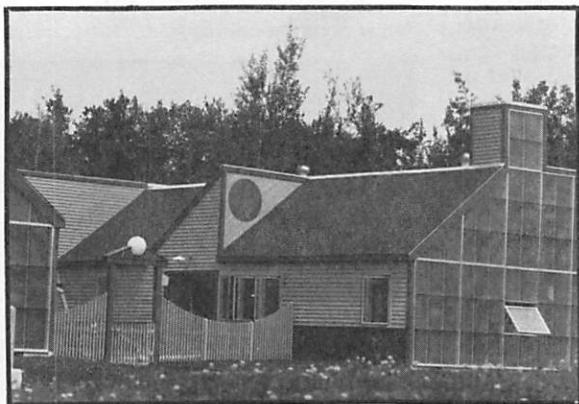
By involving all these varying interests, the show is assured of its goal—to investigate the use of traditional concepts in new buildings; to explore the continuum of change in architecture, from an historian's point of view.

"How does an architect participate in the regional Maine tradition?" Moore asks. "How does one make a sewer treatment plant, for example, look 'New Englandish'? ... And how do changes in society, such as new technology, affect building? ... What is familiar, comfortable; what makes the people happy? How does architecture communicate meaning to people?" These are all questions posed (and, we hope, answered) by the exhibit.

First the show will focus on the Idea—the drawings and designs of each particular plan. Then it will look at the Image, in three different ways: first the photographic image of the building; then the historical antecedent, either actual or evocative to the historians; and finally, but most excitingly, the interpretation of each piece in a landscape as drawn by artist Marjorie Moore.

It's both a humanistic and Socratic approach, according to Steven Moore. There was not a decision made as to good or bad architecture or personal preferences—just how well the designs visually express the regional building of Maine.

That has become Steven Moore's driving force and inspiration.



Treats Falls House

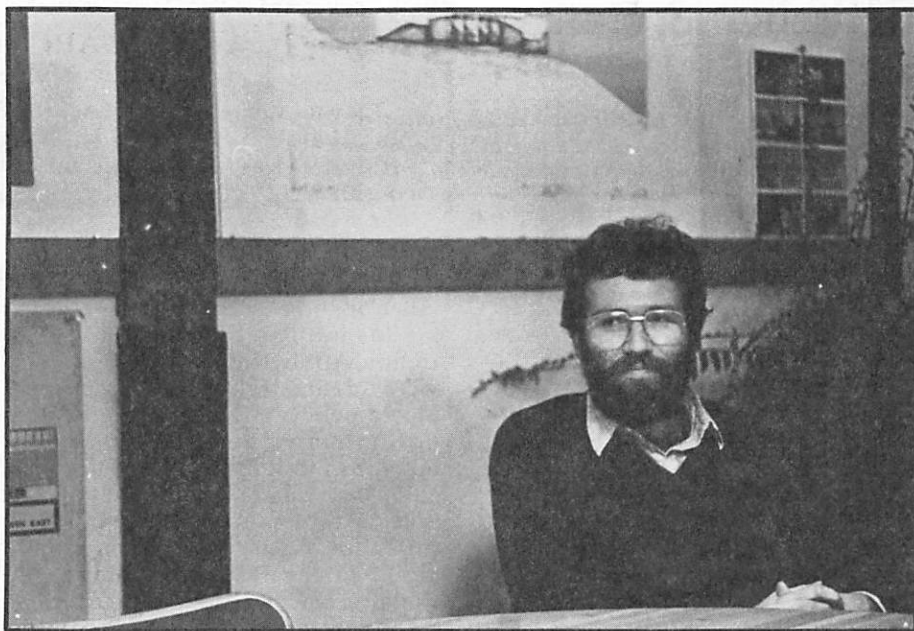
Though not in the show, this Orono Nursing Facility for Retarded Adults is a good example of tradition updated by Moore, Weinrich & Woodward. Reminiscent of three Federal-style houses along a street, the gable ends as solar panels make an interesting metaphor between chimneys for wood fuel and solar fuel, according to architect Moore.

largely intact from earlier times. He saw that many old buildings, because of economic need, had not yet been torn down or renovated.

In addition to the buildings, it was also the biological environment of Maine which drew the Pittsburgh native to a farm at Rumford Point. He and artist wife Marjorie (whom he met while studying at Syracuse, N.Y.) and two children Ian, 11, and Jenny, 8, eventually moved to their present location in Brunswick to be nearer the mainstream of coastal life; but it was in the wilds of Oxford County that they first set up studios and farmed.

Steven Moore was the son and grandson of men who also studied architecture before opting for the more lucrative profession of engineer. Ever since 9th grade, though, "for some reason," Steve wanted to pursue the call of the elusive gable and lintel.

"You have to be obsessed to want to be an architect," Moore says. "You have to work absurd hours, and then you're paid a low fee for a professional." But obsessed he was, and thus he found himself here, looking for the kind of problems to be faced in a rural area—"single buildings rather



than urban design."

That appeals to the romantic in Steven Moore. "I think I've patterned myself to the 19th century builder/architect who was trained on the apprentice system," he says. Certainly his designs reflect the tradition he

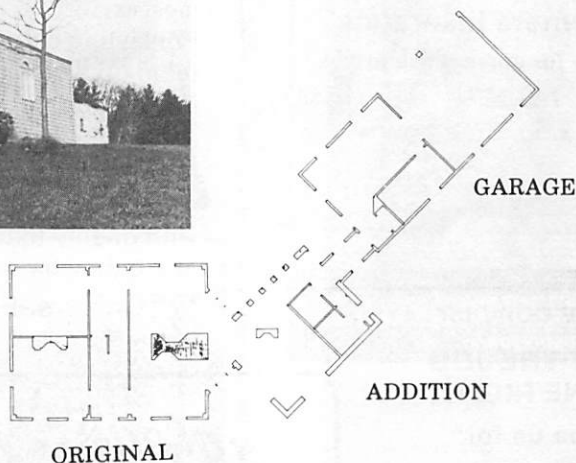
respects: graceful shapes, like arches and Palladian-style windows; gentle materials like shingles and clapboards.

He and his partner for 13 years, John Weinrich (Auburn architect Dean Woodward has just recently



Alexander Residence, West Bath

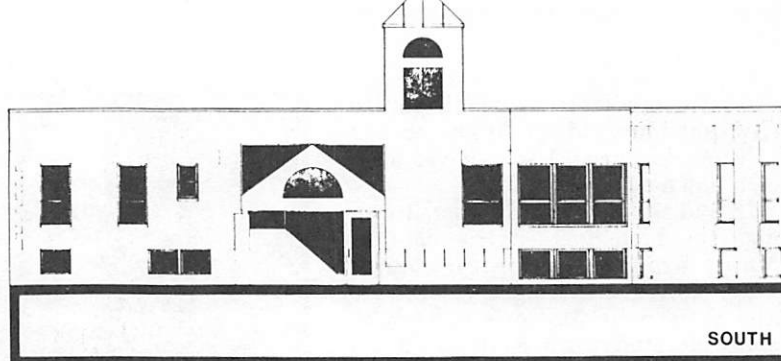
A 1974 addition which adds all the 20th century convenience to a completely and authentically restored 1797 house and a 1930's garage.



"The Addition clarifies the historic antecedent by counterpoint."

—Steven Moore

"Architecture with memory:"
*Rendering of the proposed addition to the Brunswick
 Municipal Building, containing details of the old
 Town Hall, tragically torn down in 1952*



joined the firm) have done some spectacular renovation and re-design work with older structures. They did the Hay block refurbishment in Portland; a study on the buildings at Strathglass Park in Rumford; the modern addition to the completely-restored 1797 Alexander House in Bath.

"Historic preservation has changed the dyed-in-the-wool modernist," as Steven Moore says, increasing his respect for the structures of the past. And yet he does not now copy architecture of the past; rather he tunes it (symbolically), keeping the very human scale and form, but modernizing its functions, and injecting it with a bit of 20th century whimsy—the unexpected window, the spare line, the welcoming oblique angle.

As their firm has matured, it has

taken on increasingly bigger projects, for institutions like the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the General Services Administration. Because Steven Moore believes "architecture should have memory," there's always a good bit of the familiar in their projects. A child care center on the Naval Air Station, for instance, echoes much of the shape of nearby bunkers. An addition to the Brunswick Municipal Building borrows, in simplified terms, details from a previous magnificent city hall, which was unfortunately torn down (above).

Moore, Weinrich and Woodward have interesting projects currently in the works: a school for the Passamaquoddy Indians; a site study for a possible elementary school in Norway; the Wiscasset Jail—a real chal-

lenge because of its historic location on Route 1 next to the Lincoln County Courthouse, and because of an abandoned gas station which must be incorporated into the plan!

In spite of a faltering economy, their business is growing—due to their good work and the self-marketing they have learned the hard way.

Because the private sector is not building as much as in the past, a small project is rare these days. Doing a small place (like the one-room addition to the Stoddard House pictured on our cover) "is like therapy," says Steve—a genuine pleasure.

Steven Moore seems comfortable in his position—one of many bridges between past and present, pointed at the future but remembering his roots.



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Water frame

the portrait
 Features swirl
 in wet white.
 Forest eyes
 the central motion
 Echo blue,
 disguise delight.

Focus locks,
 water gone black.
 Sketch lines faded;
 ink through the cracks.

*Jemie St. James
 Buckfield*

WINTER IN MAINE

I walk in the cold, crisp air,
 Loving the tiny diamond-like sparkles on
 the trees
 Put there by frost in the night,
 Covering all the surfaces of the quiet town.

Soon the sun will rise high in the sky;
 The tiny "diamonds" will disappear as if
 they were never there.

Such are the experiences of my life,
 Leaving behind only memories like the
 "sparkles"

Gone from the winter morning.

*Joan Marr
 South Waterford*

Ayah

letters to the editor

A LEARNING EXPERIENCE

I have subscribed to the magazine since it was first published and it is my favorite. I enjoy it very much and learn a lot from it.

Pearl E. Peaco
Oxford

STEPHENSONIA

I have written the first draft of an article on the history of The Laboratory. The rambling old building that most people remember was only one unit of a whole complex of structures which C. A. Stephens built there. In addition to The Laboratory mansion where C.A.S. lived and wrote his stories there was a huge old farmhouse and ell (where his parents lived) plus a two-story dormitory structure of some 40 rooms which he proposed to house the scientists he thought would come and join him in his search for deathless life. That of course never came to pass and they were all torn down in the early 1920's, with the lumber being used to build a number of houses and the vestry of the Norway Methodist Church. It is a fascinating story . . . I will send it along to you.

Ronald G. Whitney
Orange, Massachusetts

Ed. Note: Ronald Whitney wrote the excellent article "C. A. Stephens: Storyteller to America" in our December, 1981 issue. He also tells us that, since 1984 will be the 100th anniversary of the birth of C.A.S., he is petitioning the U.S. Postal System to consider issuing a commemorative stamp. Since the publication of that article, we have requested that people tell us what they remember of The Laboratory and what happened to its furnishings. Ava and Merton Bessey of Rumford Corner once purchased his cherrywood desk; now it is in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Robert Houghton in San Jose, California. Mrs. Ruth Greenleaf of North Norway told us that his plush sofa has been in her possession for years, but has been given to the Norway Historical Society. Following are other memories:

We have a piece of memorabilia from The Laboratory in Norway hanging on our living room wall. It is a lovely Chinese silk

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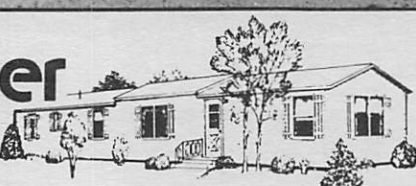
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embroidery of butterflies and flowers done in delicate colors approximately ten inches square. I vaguely remember attending the sale with rooms full of items laid out on tables. My mother and father purchased other things including books written by Mr. Stephens which probably have been disposed of by now.

Marjorie Blick Gerdes
North Platte, Nebraska

I well remember visiting Dr. Stephens' home at The Laboratory August, 1938, after a 500-mile ride via bus from my Blackwood, N.J. home. . . my reward was a short visit with Mrs. Stephens. After discussing my interest in Dr. Stephens' writing, of his many books and stories for "The Youth's Companion," Mrs. Stephens presented me with a memento from Dr. Stephens' collection of an Indian beaded turtle that Theodore had given him many years prior to my visit.

I prize that gift in memory of Dr. Stephens and I keep it in my many memorabilia . . .

Through the many writings of Dr. Stephens, of the Maine farm stories, Mrs. Chew and I are now six-month residents at our Penneseewassee Lake cottage overlooking the area of the farm stories.

Norman M. Chew
Blackwood, New Jersey

GREMLINS

Thank you for including the Llewellyn A. Wadsworth article in your October issue. Two errors should be pointed out. In the opening sentence, Llewellyn's birthdate is listed as 1939, instead of 1838. At the bottom of the same column, Mr., not Mrs. James S. Moulton was teaching at Tracy, Calif.; and in the same item, the word "when" has been omitted after the date "1871."

I am disappointed that you did not include any of Mr. Wadsworth's poetry; however, I realize that you are pressed for space, and I am pleased with the reproduction, in general. Enclosed is my subscription renewal.

Hubert W. Clemons
Hiram

Ed. Note: Those gremlins that love to sneak into print shops in the middle of the night and change all the carefully prepared type were out in full force recently. We should also note that, on page 34 of the December issue, the poem by Pat White (she's dropping the "Gorrie") should read: "longing for brushes..." Poets are particularly sensitive to the exact wording of their few words, and we aim to respect that. For the poet of "Bed Fellows" on that same page, we were even more difficult; especially with the spelling of her name, which should be Sarah Bridge Graves. Both women have forgiven us and sent us more material. Thank you! We hope that artist John Gerdes has also forgiven us for calling him "Richard" on pg. 31.

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The Manufactured Housing Future

Hayward Luck and John Schiavi have been in the manufactured housing industry for several decades, combined. Both agree—cautiously—that the future looks good for their business nationwide, but especially in Maine.

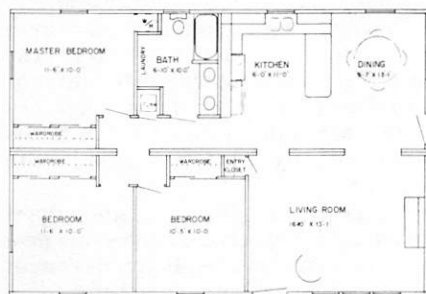
Luck, of Twin Town Trailer Sales, Rte. 26, Oxford, believes the manufactured home business has not been quite as depressed as the housing market in general—though he says they are “at the mercy of Washington for these abnormally high interest rates.”

Schiavi, of Schiavi Mobile Homes, a neighbor along Rte. 26, agrees. Both men say that, as the rates have begun to lower, business has picked up.

“The demand is out there,” Luck says. “Just as many people as ever are looking.”

Schiavi asserts, “There’s always been a strong interest in mobile homes. Many people are making plans for spring—often they’re trying to sell their old homes first.”

Inflated interest rates have not been the only obstacle for the manufactured housing industry. It’s been an uphill struggle for over a quarter of a century.



One of Oxford Homes' modulares

The main obstacle to overcome was the early reputation of “pre-fabs” and “trailers” for slipshod construction. Voluntary engineering improvements and strict state and federal (HUD) regulations in the '70's have made today's manufactured home one of the best-constructed buys for the housing dollar.

Homes built by local manufacturers Burlington and Oxford Homes (enticed here, Schiavi says, by a local group) are the product of skilled craftsmen, engineers, and interior designers. They are hand-built of good materials, inside factories and out of the weather. They are quality control engineered and super-insulated.

“Manufactured housing is the most energy-efficient around today,” Schiavi says. Luck feels, “It's not possible to over-insulate,” so insists on double the usual amount.

Constructed in the northern zone for New England living, mobile homes sold locally can offer features not found in many other houses: storm doors, insulated floors, kitchen islands, fireplaces, soaking tubs, two baths, laundries. They are a boon for people who don't need big houses any more, or whose drafty old houses are hard to heat—instead of several thousand dollars, a mobile home can be heated a whole winter for several hundred. Newlyweds like them because they come complete—furnished and outfitted with appliances from brand-name companies like General Electric and Westinghouse. Cabinets are built by cabinetmakers. The average home is about 1000 square feet and in the \$20,000 price range—but that's far less than the same size home would be if built from scratch.

“Stick-built homes are so expensive,” Hayward Luck says, “and our homes can be bought with a great variety of floor plans—or even cus-

tom built—and be on-site and ready to live in within, probably, three days (after manufacture).”

John Schiavi concurs, but says the second major obstacle for manufactured housing has always been the zoning barriers which prevent placement of mobile homes among conventional homes. His company's answer to that has been to develop several parks around the state to provide sites for mobile home placement.

“Those barriers are now loosening up,” Schiavi says. “The industry continues to refine the building until now it is less and less distinguishable in appearance from site-built housing.”

Attractive shingles, clapboards, shutters, and pitched roofs on mobile homes allow them to fit into any neighborhood, especially in New England.

Interiors, too, are much more attractive . . . and individual. “We look at predominantly colonial decor for homes on our lot,” says Schiavi. While this somewhat limits the choices for those of us not attracted to “colonial” or “early American,” still the wall



Some Burlington options

and floor coverings and furniture colors tend to be softer, more tasteful, more reflective of contemporary interior design than in years past. And both companies have the experience to know the predominant style of choice among the local population.

Hayward Luck says the last major obstacle for manufactured housing has been the initial reluctance of financial institutions to lend mortgage money for mobile homes. "Now financing is better," he says, "depending, of course, on the credit rating of the customer. Banks are not reluctant to loan—it's altogether different from 10-15 years ago."

"Bankers are looking favorably at mobile homes," agrees John Schiavi. "They're financing them more like conventional homes."

Industry trade associations have been active in combatting exclusionary zoning, over-taxation, or over-regulation of manufactured housing.

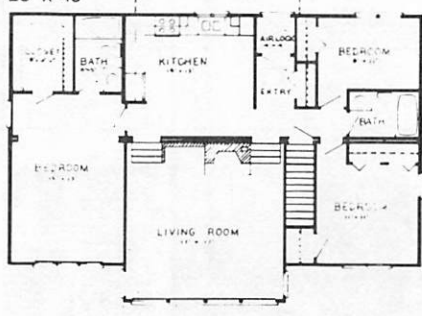
The future looks even better. Schiavi, whose business is more real estate-oriented and involves things like nursing homes as well, leans toward putting up large metal buildings for businesses and feels that the housing crunch has hurt the more expensive modular or "double-wide" industry.

Luck, on the other hand, is enthusiastic about the modular lines he carries; and, in fact, lives in one himself.

"I'm awfully happy to see the (positive) changes in the industry," he asserts. One thing is certain: with the increased energy, safety and beauty consciousness of an industry already firmly entrenched in Maine, mobile home housing has nowhere to go but up.

Dick Henderson of Lessco Engineering, Oxford, has a different approach to bringing manufactured housing to Maine.

28' x 45'



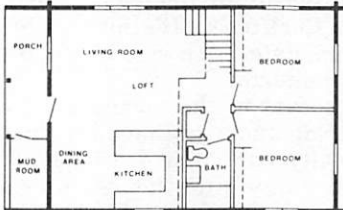
A Continental Solar home

His first series of homes was the Alta log building—one of which contains his office on Rte. 26 near Norway. An engineer by profession, Dick felt ten years ago that there would be a coming demand for pre-fabricated log housing, so he studied the advantages of the types available at that time.

The Alta Company in New York impressed him with the good engineering design and the appearance of their log home kit, and he began selling them in this area; along with his farm machinery and chain saw business.

Henderson was very scientific about his choice. He built a log home to test it. After a few years he knew that the claims of durability and ease of heating were true.

In the past decade, ten or twenty more log home companies have



FIRST FLOOR

An Alta design

cropped up—both large and small—thus proving Dick Henderson's theory. But Alta has remained at the top of a consumer list of preferred log kits, according to him.

"We've had very few, if any complaints from our customers," he says. "The homes are easy to heat, cooler in the summer. However, you have to really like log homes; you have to like looking at wood—you can't just change the wallpaper!"

Last year, Continental Homes of Nashua, N.H., New England's biggest manufacturer of factory fabricated homes, asked Dick Henderson to represent them.

Once again, he took his engineering expertise to the company and investigated how the homes are built. He visited the factory and was im-

pressed with the quality of materials, the good building techniques, the number of inspections.

"The customer is Lessco," Henderson says. "I buy this house and re-sell it to the occupant. And if I'm going to buy a house, I want to know if there are any discrepancies. So I go to the factory myself."

He says that customers can go to the Nashua factory to watch their homes being built . . . it takes seven days. They can even take pictures if they want.

Continental has two kinds of building: Modular (which arrives in sections, lower floor complete with appliances, carpet, wallcovering installed, livable within 10 days; second floor could be finished or not) and Panelized (which is a shell when done, ready for the buyer to complete).

This is the 25th year of business for Continental—which has built more buildings than all the other pre-fabricating companies put together. "They've built hundreds in Maine," says Dick Henderson. "There wouldn't be a bank which didn't know of Continental's reputation." The State of Maine inspects each building which enters the state and gives it their seal of approval.

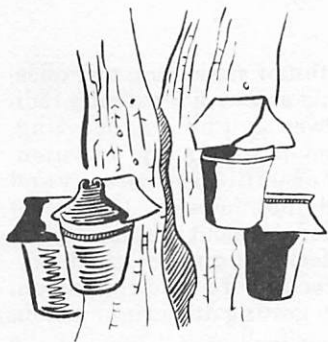
"What people don't understand," the Lessco dealer says, "is that these houses are built to the housing code. All models meet or exceed FHA, VA and BOCA standards."

There is also a trend toward small solar homes and even more prestigious designs—in the \$100,000-plus category. Ordinarily, a dealer can sell one these pre-manufactured individual houses at 10-20% less than usual. Continental also offers modular multiple unit dwellings at a fraction of the usual cost of stick-built units.

To Dick Henderson, this all proves his contention that, a few years in the future, all building will be modular or panelized or in kit form. Delivery time, cost, quality control can all be improved by building inside the factory.

"Each building is built, and supervised, and inspected by the same people," he explains. "And you never get involved with any carpenter who doesn't know what he's doing."

That's the wave of the future, according to three local dealers in manufactured homes.



Readers' Room:

THE LESSONS AND MAGIC OF THE 1982 SAP SEASON

I guess making maple syrup is a lot like gardening. I heard of an old-timer from the South who once said that he'd been gardening for sixty years and he'd learned something new about it for each one of them. Well, I've had the sapping bug for some five years now—and so far each one has brought a host of surprises, and a fresh appreciation of how little I or anyone else knows about how and why the great maple trees do what they do. I've worked in an entirely different manner every year, from my first batch collected in used plastic cider jugs and boiled over a wood cookstove in a wash basin (I fell asleep over it and burned it to charcoal); to modern "high-tech" operations gathering from thousands of trees, vacuum-pumping the sap through plastic tubing to a central location, and boiling over a roaring #2 heating oil flame in shiny British Tin evaporating pans. Each different method I've tried has its merits and pitfalls, and each is full of lessons about trees, sap, and life in general. The financial rewards are never profuse, but you always come away a little wiser for the experience, if you keep your eyes and mind open.

I started the '82 sap season, however, in a rather smug frame of mind. Having spent about two months the previous spring helping out at the University of Vermont's Proctor Maple Research Farm, I approached the task with a head full of computer readouts showing sap flow and sugar content in relation to a host of environmental factors, and a mind used to reading sap and syrup viscosities on precision-calibrated scientific instruments. In short, though I had learned something of the difficulty of doing a comprehensive scientific study of a being as large and long-lived as a maple tree, I really thought I knew most everything important there is to know about the subject.

It was Sonny and the sugar maples of Hartford, Maine, who helped me to learn otherwise. Sonny has been making maple syrup for about 60 years in various locations about the town, about every spring. He and my contemporary and very close friend Lee have made it cooperatively for the past six or eight years, ever since she bought and moved into the house he was raised in. This year, however, his urge for it just didn't seem to be there. I was up at his house in mid-January, borrowing the use of his phone to try and land sapping jobs with some of the local sugar makers, and of course we got to "talking sap" around the woodstove in his comfortably-cluttered kitchen, as I was anticipating the season even then.

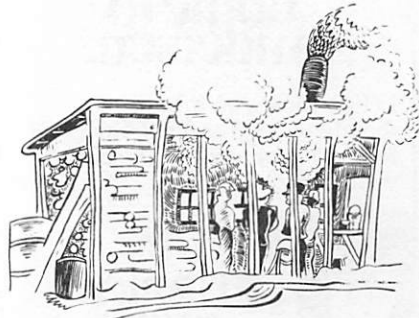
"Well, I guess I'm getting too old for this season, Alva," he said with a look calculated to make a tiger's heart bleed with sympathy. At first I wouldn't hear of it, but no amount of persuasion or argument would prevail. He had too many orders in his basket business, he was too sick, too old, and it was bound not to be a good year for it anyway, he gloomed. Any excuse not to have to lug sap buckets this season, it seemed. He also knew that there was "something going on" between Lee and me, and I sensed that he had figured since long ago that I would be helping her this year, in *his* place.

"I'll help Lee get her taps set out this year," he said, "but that's all. No gathering or boiling for me this time. I've had enough of that in past years to last me right up to here." He motioned with finger to throat, and then went on for some time into the night with stories of sugaring from trees in every corner of the town, on any sort of evaporator you can imagine.

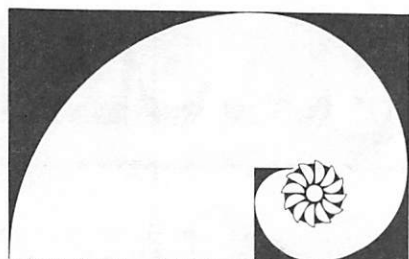
As it turned out, I landed no major sapping jobs except with one Bill Gibson to help him reorganize and set out his tubing system on some 4-5,000 taps (one counts tap holes actually drilled when sugaring, not the number of trees tapped, as yield is more easily projected from the resulting figure, and many trees are tapped several

times). Lee's place in Hartford is not far from Bill's in West Paris, while I live way up near Bethel on the Sunday River, so I arranged with Lee to room in with her for the spring and help her gather and boil once we had Bill's operation ready to roll.

The work at Bill's started in late February. The fever to be boiling syrup was already rising to a fierce pitch inside me as we stepped gingerly over the crust of snow in his sugar grove, punching through into the hip-deep regions below occasionally (always at the least-expected and least appropriate moment), and cursing the bitter wind sweeping up from the valley of the Little Androscoggin. The fever kept my spirits high despite the worst of the weather, and as I had myself figured to be quite the expert on sugaring, I kept up a continuous volley of advice, comment, jokes, trivia, and maple research anecdotes for the benefit of Bill and the other hired hand. The response was usually somewhat guarded from my un-fevered comrades. After about five days full of stretching, splicing, cutting, drilling, and pounding, we had the system pretty well ready to go. It is designed to run tubes about the size of surgical tubing attached to every spout which will be drilled in, so that the sap flows by gravity downhill to a single larger pipe, which carries it all directly to the central gathering tank. It waits there for boiling on the big evaporator in the "saphouse." After the last spout in the wide, branching net of tubing



Illustrations by
Diana Young of Bangor



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had been pounded in, I returned to Lee's place fairly *itching* to see sap run; and, sure enough, the next morning the long-range forecast on the radio spoke of warming weather and rain.

"We've got to get some buckets hung right away!" I was emphatic. Lee was lackadaisical. She compiled a long list of things which had to be done before if we were to boil sap, as if to discourage me. I would have none of it, and dragged her off at the earliest possible hour the next day to roust Sonny out. Sonny, too, was less than enthusiastic.

"Ain't it a little early to be tapping out anyway?" he said after mumbling a few things about other projects he had had planned that day. "I'll tap out the first of April and make just as much syrup as you will."

"What'll you be making? Road tar?" I cried insolently, exaggerating deliberately the ineditability of the dark, sour syrup one gets from the last sap of the season. He protested mildly, but allowed himself to be dragged out to the shed where the buckets he had offered to lend us were stored. After chipping the ice away from the shed door and dragging buckets, spouts, and bucket covers out through the hip-deep snow, we piled in the truck and headed up to the "Glover Place," a cellar hole about a mile from Lee's place on a woods road that had been plowed out for half of the winter, at least (though four-wheel drive was still definitely in order).

Five or six old roadside maples here have seeded out a bevy of young trees—most of which are just reaching tappable size.

I guess Sonny had decided to show me a thing or two because of my insistent and arrogant attitude. Either that or he had simply decided that if he was going to be dragged out to tap the trees early, he might as well get it over with as quickly as possible. As soon as the truck was stopped, without a word or thought as to dividing the labor, he leaped out, brace and bit in hand, and began boring holes at a furious rate. He raced from tree to tree, leaving Lee and me panting far behind, trying to haul up enough buckets to hang one on every tap hole.

It would all have been aggravating enough if he hadn't made a show of how far behind we were and commenced to rib us about it. To worsen matters, he began a thoroughly an-

noying habit of answering any question I would ask with a patently ludicrous answer as if by way of joking, forcing me to re-ask the question. This went on until I became testy and demanded that he stop. On top of that, it was just about that time that I began to feel that distinct, tired, dry-throated feeling of a cold coming on, and began getting downright sullen. Nobody was feeling very good by the time we were done. We hung 65 buckets that morning, 50 on the Glover Place and 15 on trees adjacent to Lee's house. Lee went straight in to take a nap, as she was feeling cold symptoms, too, and Sonny remarked before he climbed back in his truck that it just didn't seem right to be tapping the trees where they weren't running sap yet. I insisted that we might miss the best run of the season if we weren't ready for it, but I was far from sure of myself. I rode back with him to fetch Lee's car, which we'd left at his place.

The promised rain and warm weather did come, and the sap began to dribble slowly from the trees, but there wasn't even enough to fill any of the buckets (there wasn't a drop in some); and it was a lucky thing, because we were in no shape to go out and collect it. Both Lee and I suffered for several days with the colds we had contracted. Quickly on the heels of the rain came another good, hard freeze, and the sap stayed frozen right in the buckets. Before the end of the second week of March, the sap was running slowly but fairly regular. We dragged Lee's smallest sap stove out of the shed (a barrel stove fitted with a small pan) and actually boiled a little.

By the 17th, we were getting regular runs of sap; too much for the small stove to handle. A crust from a good hard freeze the night before (the essential ingredient in sap weather) cooperated to help us sled the two bigger sap stoves out of the camp where they were stowed, about a half a mile off the road. The big stoves are each made from two barrels welded together end to end to fit much longer pans, with extra tall stovepipes. The unexpected ease with which we attained this objective (we'd hemmed and hawed for several weeks about hiring a snow machine for the job) brought a sudden lift to Lee's spirits. We had them set up out by the clothesline in a trice and began to move sap

Page 19...



Part I

*Finnish American
John Hanson
First President
of the United States*

St. Patrick, move over! By now, each of the fifty states has a recognized Finnish holiday in addition to the ancient Irish day of honor. In much the same tradition, St. Uhro's Day (March 16th) honors a legendary Finnish saint (Uhro means "hero") who supposedly drove a plague of grasshoppers away from the vineyards of Finland in pre-glacial times. It's a day for wearing grasshopper green and grape purple, for dancing and drinking of the fruit of the vine.

It is more than that for Finnish-Americans, though. As stated in part in the proclamation signed by Governor Joseph Brennan (at the instigation of local legislator Sue Bell), "Whereas the State of Maine is still very much the beneficiary of the presence of many noteworthy citizens of Finnish descent... it is highly fitting and appropriate to designate a special day of observance for this distinguished group of people."

The naming of a recognition day for Finns came about as the result of many years of work by Joseph Kylonen, South Dakotan founder of the Finnish Historical Society in this country; and by people in each state.

Pretty, blue-eyed Eva Hilden of Gary Street, South Paris, was the prime mover here. She garnered 90 signatures on a petition to the governor. But, after the proclamation was signed, Eva kept getting calls from people who wanted to start a club of some kind where Finns could meet.

During the summer and fall of 1981, three couples met to hatch the beginning of such a club. They were Eva and her husband Raymond; Taisto and Eleanor Koskela of West Paris; and Ena and Katherine Heikkinen of Falmouth. By January, 1982, the Finnish American Heritage Society of Maine was formed as a non-profit corporation, officers and board of directors elected.

Open to all descendants and spouses of Finns, the society avows in its by-laws that its purpose is to "preserve and make available" material on the

"events, customs and traditions of Finnish culture, past, present and future"—in an effort to perpetuate the knowledge unto future generations.

In just one year, this society has gained over 300 members! That's probably not surprising when one considers that, in a period from the Civil War until the 1930's when immigration was restricted, somewhere between 300 and 400 thousand people emigrated from Suomi, their fatherland, to America.

Finnish Americans have a much longer history than that, however. In the 1600's, over 90% of the Delaware Colony population was Finn. They taught the other settlers to build the first log cabins in this country.

The first President of the United States in Congress assembled (under the Articles of Confederation) in 1781 was John Hanson, a Finnish Ameri-

can born in Maryland. He established the first federal post office and banking systems; and decorated General George Washington for his victory over British General Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The big influx of Finns to this country came later—like the Irish immigration, it was the result of poverty and oppression in the old country. The symbol of the Finnish American Heritage Society is the Finnish coat of arms—a lion with swords, very symbolic for a land much tortured by outside invaders.

Only in 1917 did Finland win its independence from Sweden after 650 years! The country fought and lost over a dozen wars with Russia, which last invaded them in 1939.

Eva Hilden recalls her mother's tales of life on the Russian border. Once, a cousin wrote, a whole village

The Finnish-American Heritage

Officers of the Society: Back row (l. to r.) Oscar Tikander, V. Pres.; Ena Heikkinen, Pres.; Hugo Heikkinen, Taisto Koskela, Directors. Front row, Barbara Payne, Eva Hilden, Directors; Alma Dixon, Sec.; and Hazel Waltanen, Treas. Missing: George Pulkkinen, Director.



was destroyed by Russian soldiers, with one lone boy surviving to run barefoot through the snow to the next village. The Russians left in 1944, but took part of the country with them in an annexation of territories (see map). There was also the German occupation during World War II, but through it all the plucky Finns continued to operate a strong underground which joked, "Where shall we bury all these (invading) hordes?"

Those years were years of terrible Economic deprivations: crop failures, forced conscription into the Russian army, severe tithing by the strict National Lutheran Church. Propaganda about the golden opportunities in America, "the land of the free," came as welcome news to a freedom-loving, fiercely independent people who had been surviving on *sisu* (that indefinable Finnish blend of stubbornness and perseverance). In spite of Finnish anti-immigration literature which warned, "Even in America one cannot whittle gold with a wooden knife," they came in droves.

"You must remember, they had to get out of a country where they were starving to death," says Taisto Koskela. They encountered difficulties on

the way—the Titanic was half full of Finns when it went down in the icy Atlantic.

But difficulties were normal for these hardy, square-jawed Scandinavians. They were (and are) sustained by a practical earthiness, a dark humor, a deep-felt religion.

Lumberjacks and stone masons, the Finns who came here first in the 1800's found ready employment in the north—in the woods and quarries of Michigan, Massachusetts, Canada and Maine.

In this area, Finns from around Kuhmo, Finland, were sponsored by Jacob Mikkonen, a shrewd, hard-working businessman who had landed by mistake in West Paris. (See next month for a recollection of Mikkonen from a past issue of *BitterSweet*.)

They found in Maine a cold climate like Finland's, an area of rocky fields and small lakes. They also found work here and so they brought their families over. They believed in the democratic spirit of *yhteishyva*—cooperation for the common good—which had governed their poor communities in the old country. And none of them was afraid of work: man, woman, or child.



Map of Finland showing areas ceded to Russia in 1944.

"I remember the (9) kids of our family getting up before school and hoeing or picking corn," says Eva Hilden. "Oh! I thought those rows of corn would never end. Then we would walk a mile and a half to school. We all worked. We had to milk the cows by hand, pump the water... there was no electricity. But by winter we would have apples and potatoes in the cellar, we would drink coffee and eat *nisu* (coffee bread). We used to make skis and toboggans from barrel staves and ski to school. They were narrow, pointed, cross country skis. But we all lived that way, I wouldn't mind going back. We had a good time in those days."

"They (the early Finns) raised their families, paid for the farms, buried themselves when they died," says Taisto Koskela; "What more could they ask?"

Those Finns earned the respect of the native Yankees by their diligence and honesty. They could make abandoned farms support cattle and crops. They could cut their woods—they initiated the forest management practice of selective cutting—and then grow blueberries for two cash crops.

As Lew Dietz states in his book, "Night Train At Wiscasset Station" (Doubleday, 1977), the Finn immigrants did not alter or change the Maine character; rather they confirmed and strengthened it.

N.M.

continued next month

St. Uhro's Dance: Sat., March 19th at 8 p.m., at the South Paris Legion Hall on Church Street, sponsored by the Finnish American Heritage Society of Maine.

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When Kaisa Kilponen pushed down on the handle of the outdoor pump, cold clear water gushed into her bucket. This well had produced pure, good-tasting water ever since they had lived on the farm. Until now, she had accepted the good water without question, but because of last Sunday's sermon, she couldn't take a cupful of water without examining it. She just couldn't get that sermon off her mind.

She understood Jesus' healing the sick, and she accepted without question that Lazarus had come back from the dead. Those miracles were so great, of such magnitude, that she couldn't help but believe. What puzzled her, what gnawed at her mind, was Jesus' turning water to wine. Water to wine? How had He done it? So once again, as she had done many times during the week, she studied a dipperful of her own crystal-clear well water, wondering whether or not it would

with that argument, she had emptied the old woolen sock of nickles and dimes and two silver dollars and wrapped the coins in a clean white handkerchief for Matti. "For medicine only!" she had admonished.

When Matti returned he went on and on about the Swedish tramp he had met in the railroad yards and about getting lost and finally he thought to show her the jug of golden brown liquid that he had brought home from Canada.

"But why isn't it full?" Kaisa asked.

"It's this way, wife. They knew that I was an American citizen, so they had to sell me a United States gallon, not a Canadian gallon, which is larger. They had to take some out. Don't you see? It had to be according to the law."

"These laws. I will never understand them. But this one does seem strange. Now tell me. How did they do that? Did they just pour some out?"

towards the half-way point.

When the contents of the bottle met the second line, Kaisa reminded him that whatever was left belonged to her to keep as medicine. They had made an agreement, and she would check to see that he lived up to it.

He said that he knew full well what the agreement was and would not think of touching her share.

She said that she was only reminding him.

He said that he preferred coffee anyway. And to prove his point, he stirred another gritty spoonful of sugar into his milky coffee and drank it down in one gulp.

Matti still made trips to the cellar, but now he carried his hammer and nails and maneuvered long boards with a good deal of cursing and muttering through the kitchen and down the steep stairs. He had to make new bins, so he said, for the fall potatoes

ANOTHER

A new fictional story of
Kaisa & Matti Kilponen
by Rebecca Cummings

MIRACLE

happen that one day she would push down the pump handle and bright red wine would spew forth. She'd have to talk to Matti about it when he got home.

Not that she'd ever had more wine than one has at a communion service. Oh no! Her husband Matti, however, was another story. It was no secret that he liked his drink. Although some might call him a n'er-do-well, he was a good-natured, handsome man with a head of dark hair and a full mustache. And he was a talker! His smooth tongue and easy manner earned him friends, even among the Yankees. She now regretted that he had been able to talk her out of her egg money so that he could take a trip to Canada to visit his cousin Konsto. And if that wasn't enough, he had asked for a little more money so that he could bring back a bit of whiskey—not for drinking, he had loudly assured her, but for medicine. Anyone could tell her, he had said, that whiskey from Canada was the best medicine.

Remember last winter, all the influenza? Kaisa remembered. It had been weeks before her chest cleared, and even now she had a trace of cough. So

"That they did!" Matti insisted, with a sharp slap on his knee. "I guess we should divide what's here and put it down in the cellar to keep it safe."

So with a nail, he etched the half-way mark on the side of the jug, and then he halved it again so that the fourths were marked. "You can easily see, wife. Two quarters for you to keep as medicine and two quarters for me, since I did all the buying."

Kaisa nodded in satisfaction. That seemed fair enough, although she still was not absolutely satisfied about the missing amount. "They just poured it out, you say? On the floor or outside?"

"Oh, not on the floor! Outside, of course!"

Matti wasted no opportunity to slip into the cellar, and he had no end of excuses why he shouldn't. Haying was hard work. Hilling potatoes made him thirsty. The black flies poisoned him. Why, a man needed to drink something after a hot *sauna*!

Frequently, Matti came through the cellar door into the kitchen sucking the ends of his mustache and smelling of drink. So of course, it was no time at all before he reached the first quarter mark and was proceeding

and turnips. And then he had to see to the foundation under the kitchen. She knew it was rotting, didn't she?

One day after he had come up from the cellar, Kaisa, clinging to the railing, descended the wobbly stairs into the dark dirt cellar. She pulled the bottle out from between two chinks of cobwebbed rocks and took it upstairs into the light. The amber liquid sparkled at the point where the sunlight streaming through the kitchen window glinted on the second etched line. What kind of wife am I, she asked herself, to be so full of doubts about the trustworthiness of my husband?

And because of her little guilt, she prepared a tasty fish pie, just the way Matti liked it with a heavy thick crust, from the yellow perch Kalle Seilonen had given them the evening before. Kaisa was satisfied, and then with all the work of the summer, she eventually forgot all about the jug in the cellar.

What made her remember the whiskey was a letter from her friend Aino Hakkala who said she would be coming from Rockland to spend a week

Page 28 . . .



SADIE — '94

Hair curling above her forehead
Sadie stares past my right shoulder
From a muted white background,
Her dark, calm, deliberate eyes
Far wiser than her actual years.
Looking at her, I feel that
Sadie is a hard-working person
Possessing tremendous inner resources,

Sincerity and strength combined with
Resolve and courage, a person
Determined to control her own destiny.
When she laughs, I'll bet her
Voice is pure and rich and full.
The back of her portrait
Contains the printed message
'Duplicates may be had at any time'.
These words do not refer to Sadie.

Seated in an ornate rattan chair,
Elbows on a small, decorated table,
Her right cheek inclined against
The back of her left hand,
Mamie smiles at me across the years,
Her expression trapped somewhere
Between laughter and sadness.
Staring back into her own dark eyes,
I feel that Mamie and I
Are in some distant manner acquainted.
Her almost modern hair-do

MAMIE — 1899

Reminds me of a young woman teller
Who helps me at the local bank.
Could she be a great, great granddaughter?
The third finger of Mamie's left hand
Bears a broad gold wedding ring.
By the time she was nineteen, I suspect
Mamie was already happily married.
On the back of her portrait
She has written 'To John from Mamie'
And the date, 'June 7, 1899'.



NAOMI — '94

Her head tilted ever so slightly
To her left, Naomi stares past me,
A faint smile on her wide, thin lips.
Plain but not unattractive, her face
Tapers to an almost pointed chin
While flat, straight eyebrows
Rest above her bland, innocent eyes.
Naomi, I suspect, is a person
Unsure of herself and easily flustered.

Inured to hard work, she realizes
Her own inherent limitations
And does not aspire to greatness.
Perhaps her fondest ambition
Is to be a kind, diligent mother.
The reverse side of her portrait
Indicates Naomi came from 'Five Islands',
A place not evident on my map.



MARCH 8, 1902

This, the largest of the five portraits,
Bears no name.
The girl inside the oval
Is quite young, her age indeterminate.
Wearing a fine white cotton dress
Adorned with a delicate flower pattern,
Her eyes stare just past my own,
Both attentive and subservient,
While fine strands of dark hair
Swirl outward beyond her neck and
forehead.
Looking only at her eyes,
I detect some hidden trace of sadness.
Yet her full, attractive lips
Seem ready to burst into smile,
An enigma waiting to be kissed.
If life was kind, this girl
Whose name I do not know
Became a striking and beautiful woman.
Across the decades, I wish her
All happiness and sweet success.

Myron Hoyt lives in Phillips

Five Portraits

by Myron S. Hoyt

*From a dusty bookstore shelf
I rescued five forgotten women,
Photographs produced by long-defunct
studios,
Solitary images captured on cardboard
And later discarded by indifferent
descendants.
How soon the past escapes us;
Our knowledge is as fleeting
As it is incomplete.*

*A name, a place, a date—
Sometimes even these basic facts are
lacking.
Yet who else except myself
Will embody these five neglected souls,
These enigmatic essences from our pasts?
I examine them one by one . . .*

NO NAME OR DATE

The instant I first saw her portrait,
Her expression fascinated and intrigued me.
Only twelve (or is she actually fifteen?),
The lower portion of her neck
Is concealed by a loose ruffle
Of the sheerest, finest white lace,
While further down, a second, wider band
Is adorned by a conspicuous silk bow
Situated above her heart.
(I'll bet her favorite color was pink.)
Her thick, dark, full hair is styled
After the fashion of much older women
And her features seem suffused
With an element of subtle maturity
Far beyond her own true age.
In her dark eyes proud defiance
Is entwined with strong determination,
And as she stares through and beyond me,
I have difficulty convincing myself
That she was born a century ago.
Even now, her youthful spirit still soars.
Will she become a doctor?
A college president? A social leader?
Or a housewife?
To this unknown young woman of destiny,
I dedicate these words.



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through at a tremendous rate. It takes as many as forty gallons of sap to make a gallon of syrup sometimes, but the five-gallon pails of cold sap disappeared easily into clouds of steam above the roaring fires. Lee was actually sorry we didn't have enough sap to give her an excuse to stay up all night boiling. Wood supplies dissipated in the face of the insatiable appetite of these larger stoves, and we raided local millyards for scrap and scoured the woods around the house for dead branches and trees to augment our supplies.

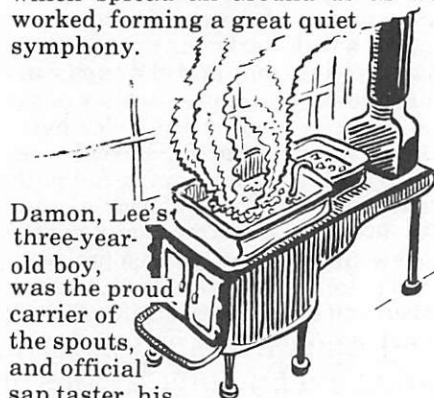
Sonny did not have to be told that sap season was really under way. The morning of the 23rd dawned bright and clear, and while Lee and I were still both lolling abed recovering from a late night out playing music with some friends, the rattling of his red pickup truck in the dooryard roused us. He entered the house, bit and brace in hand and an enormous grin breaking the deep lines on his face, "Wanna go tap some more?"

Apparently, though Sonny had promised the rest of his buckets to his brother this season, he didn't need them. While we rubbed sleep from our eyes, Sonny tapped holes in two young trees just out back of the house. Living water gurgled from the bark where the teeth of the drill bit in.

Sonny's drill bit is probably older than he is, hand sharpened to a fine edge, the old kind with a tight spiral that you never see in a modern hardware store. Old it may be, but it drills such a clean hole into a maple tree that the fresh-cut surface fairly shines. The bits we had used over at Bill's place, "specially designed for tapping" and distributed by a large maple supply company in Vermont, left a ragged-edged and messy taphole filled with excess wood chips. And guess what? Research by the U.S.D.A. has shown that the major factor affecting the ability of a tree to heal over a taphole after the sap season is the cleanliness of the edge left by the drill bit. Apparently ragged and torn edges provide a home for the bacteria that infect a tree with rot. The uninformed often wonder if one is doing irreparable damage to a tree by attacking it with a brace and bit. The answer is that one isn't hurting the tree much at all—if the bit is sharp. Maples have lived for hundreds of years while being

tapped every season.

When we had a spout in and a bucket hung on each hole, the drips came so fast that they came near to forming a steady stream running into the bottom of the bucket. We stood quietly for a moment just listening to the rhythmic tone each drop made as it hit the shiny tin . . . pung, pung, pung, pung . . . perhaps three or four drops to the second . . . the only sound except for the sighing of the breeze in the tree tops and the occasional chirp of a chickadee. Then we were off to the Glover Place, mud and slush flying in a great bow wave off every side of the truck. We spent a beautiful morning out in the early spring sunshine tapping more trees at a leisurely pace up above where we had tapped the first ones. We made sure to stop at regular intervals to listen to the music of crystal sap hitting shiny bucket bottom, which spread all around us as we worked, forming a great quiet symphony.



Damon, Lee's three-year-old boy, was the proud carrier of the spouts, and official sap taster, his pink tongue reaching out to catch the first drips from each spout as soon as it was knocked into place. We tapped 32 more that morning, then paused to enjoy the sunshine and survey our work.

"What kind of trees are these?" I asked Sonny, pointing to a grove of young trees sprouting hard by the old cellar hole. They looked something like a cross between a maple and popple. Sonny squinted closely at them, then looked up at us in surprise.

"That," he proclaimed, with an air of discovery, "is a Balm o' Gilead tree!" Lee and I both protested ignorance. The Balm o' Gilead is a kind of tree once common in these parts, but now somewhat of a rarity. Of small value as firewood or lumber though it appears to be a fast grower, its chief value to humanity lies in the medicinal use of the buds. If collected right around sap season and placed in a tightly closed jar, they will in time

yield of their own accord a juice of great value in healing sore joints. We each picked a handful of buds from the many shoots rising all about and they left our hands covered with a sticky, pitch-like substance with a wonderful herbal aroma. Indeed, it seemed to us a great discovery, too.

It was after that that Sonny really began to regret not having organized any sapping work for himself. Perhaps it just takes longer for sapping fever to catch when you're 60, I don't know. But evidently the virus had taken a firm hold. Several miles away another group of roadside maples sprouted an odd conglomeration of improvised sap buckets made from tin cans, glass jars, plastic jugs, and any other sort of container you can imagine. Whose work? Sonny's, it turned out. He was trucking it to a friend's place to boil it. And as if that weren't enough to keep him busy, the loads of wood began arriving for us.

The first load, I welcomed. It was good dry stuff, well suited as sapwood: mostly popple, pine, spruce, and other fast-burning species ill-suited to use as home heating fuel. He'd had it squirreled away in some back shed, just waiting for such an occasion as this. And we certainly needed it, for in spite of our best efforts we were only just staying ahead of the demands of the roaring, bubbling stoves. I climbed onto the pickup bed and tossed it off into the front of the barn where it would stay dry but easily accessible. As I was heav-

The second load, arriving before I was quite ready to face the day, bothered me a bit. I began to see our profits dwindling in the face of the obvious debt we were contracting with Sonny. What's he trying to prove, anyhow? I asked myself, feeling proud of my efforts at gathering scrap wood, as if he were trying to tell us we'd never get enough without his help. I began to wonder if it wasn't a strategy to keep us feeling that we owed him something, and resentment began to build. If he would have at least told us before showing up, I thought, I would have felt better.

But that never occurred to him, and when the third load showed up, I could no longer contain my feelings. Lee, more familiar with his ways, tried to hold me in check, but I would not listen. He entered Lee's kitchen grinning and full of the best of the morning, and took a seat.

"Who's the wood for?" I said, only half-joking, as if I didn't know.

"Why, you and Lee, of course," Sonny answered matter-of-factly, but sensing the edge on my voice. I looked bitter.

"I don't know how we'll ever make enough syrup to pay for all that," I snapped, eyes boring through him. He looked genuinely surprised and hurt.

"Why, Alva," he stammered, "You don't owe me *anything* for that wood. It's just some old junk I had lyin' around, no good for anything, and Lee can use it to heat the house, too; after all, she's done all kinds of things for me . . ." He tried to explain, but I smelled a rat. I had observed, I thought, a kind of jealousy towards me in him at times, especially over Lee, and I suspected a ploy, albeit unconscious at times, to keep her tied to him. I went out to unload the truck, muttering and grumbling all the way. Lee came out to help shortly, and Sonny climbed in behind the wheel and stared straight ahead, silent. With the last piece off, he reached for the starter key, saying, "Well, I guess I'll just go on home and hate myself." Lee, sensing impending disaster, jumped in, threw her arm over his slumped shoulder, and began talking in a level, calm voice. Sucker! I thought. She's playing right into it! I turned away to get on with the day's chores, then decided I had really ought to straighten this mess out myself.

As I climbed into the cab, silence fell. I started out trying to be diplomatic, explaining how I like to do things for myself at my own speed and schedule, and talking some maple industry economics to sound impressive. If Sonny heard any of it, he didn't bother to answer directly. His eyes looked away across the hills to the south, with a deep sorrow in them.

"In the old days," he began slowly, "we *all* helped each other, everybody! If a barn burned or anyone needed a hand, we pitched in and didn't ask nawthin' in return. And there must have been fifty farms up and down this old road."

When he was done, I felt like an utter cad, though I'm sure he didn't intend me to. But after all, here was I fancying myself the jolly homesteader and keeper of the old ways, moved hundreds of miles from the sprawl of the suburbs to escape the alienation

and covetousness I had grown to abhor in them, and yet I found myself a carrier of the very diseases I was trying so hard to escape. I tried to explain, but the only words which would come were a heap of useless intellectual college-brat patter. I might as well have been speaking Chinese.

At any rate, he was in no mood to hear much of anything. He was still shut tight inside his hurt feelings, and he's not the kind to climb out of that place easily, once ensconced. I thought of him driving over that morning before all this to-do; 60-year-old heart bursting with the joy of a clear spring day and the pleasures of syrup making. I wanted to cry.

I didn't cry, but we did spend a long time talking there, all three, and Sonny left in a better, if imperfect, mood. When we saw him next, all was forgiven.

The sap season drew on rapidly after that, each batch of syrup coming off a little darker as the trees prepared to leaf out, and the taps running slower and slower as they naturally began healing the holes over. On runs to and from the Glover Place, old jeep piled with slopping-full milk cans of sap (Sonny's, of course, from the days of the morning milk train), ice became less and less of a problem, mud more and more. On the cold days when the sap didn't run (fewer and fewer as April drew on) we slaved over a hot stove to can the syrup in glass jars, many of which Sonny also provided. The trees we had tapped later ran sap much more freely, and kept running well after most of the first group had dried up. We probably got about the same total amount from the average tap in either group, but I'm sure we would have had less work if we had done them all later, when we could have hauled larger amounts each trip.

One night in the height of the season, a friend from Wayne stopped in for a surprise visit. Caught up in conversation, we forgot a pan of nearly-done syrup and burned several gallons, along with Sonny's grandfather's own special finishing pan, to ruination. We crawled in to Sonny the next day to execrate ourselves. "Well," he said softly, "that pan's been around for so many years it had to happen sometime." He gave Lee a big bear hug, forgave, and forgot.

When the big surprise snow came in mid-April, we put a batch of syrup on

for extra boiling and had sugar on snow for lunch. Lee, Damon, and I sat around, twirling up strands of sticky maple candy cooled over a pan of new fallen snow, and spent the rest of the afternoon acting gooney from too much sugar.

When the sap finally stopped running entirely, we were more than ready for it. Covered head to foot in mud, soot and ashes, all stuck on with a thin film of sugar, and dog-tired in every bone, we climbed over brush one never would have guessed existed under March's snow cover, hauling great stacks of buckets in to be washed, and gently knocking out the tapping spouts; there is no sap fever for even the worst die-hard—only the drive to get it all cleaned up and get on with the spring as quickly as possible. This we did, and as the flowers began to unfold, I felt something unfolding in my own heart. True, it happens most every spring, but this was an extra special one: a warmer, friendlier sun, a more vivid, leaping green.

Perhaps spring will never be so wonder-full again. I doubt that, though. I know I will never be able to look at a maple tree the same way again. I may be sixty before I know the right time to tap out (perhaps eighty—I have a late start, after all) but never again will I look at a great frosty-barked forest king of a sugar maple and see only a place to put a brace and bit; a place to draw free, sweet liquid for profit.

They are teachers, these trees—teachers of magic. Strong, gentle, and wiser than many people I have met, they give their sweetness yearly and ask nothing in return; not even the negative gift of pruning. They are trying to talk to us, but we have forgotten the language they are using. For the sake of your soul, go out among the trees and listen!

Later that spring it came to me that Sonny knows some guy who will pay good money for any old jackknife. When I handed Sonny my old, useless one (Lee having bought me a new one for my birthday in March), he had the nerve to ask me what I wanted for it.

"Three thousand dollars," I told him with a smile. He took it, but he did later ask me for three grand in exchange for printing his name in this article.

Alva Morrison
Bethel

Folk Tales

Helon Taylor Farmington Cane-Maker

Few people today know how to find and carve a good cane. Helon Taylor, Farmington, Maine, is one of these people.

During the past ten years, he has fashioned canes from over twenty different kinds of wood, from a shad bush found in his back yard, to the more exotic mesquite, discovered while on one of his many trips out West.

Currently, he has crafted 182 canes—each one having a definite character of its own. "When people ask how I make a cane," he said, "I tell them that God Almighty grew the bush, and I just peeled it."

But there is more to it than that. Finding the right kind of tree or bush is an art in itself. When looking for a potential cane, Taylor has a list of musts for which he must search.

Obviously, on a natural growth cane, the shape of a branch must conform to the shape of a hand and to the size and grasp of a handle; the bend of the branch is crucial.

Strength is important, too. "Shad bush, maple, and ash are all tough and light. I can use them to get myself up with," he explained.

There are three kinds of shapes and/or parts of bushes or trees, that are used for a cane. One, the natural growth, has a bend in just the right place for the handle. Another has the handle shape as the once main branch, with the offshoot branch serving as the long part of the cane.

The third is perhaps the most unusual. It is a cane fashioned with a knotted end for the handle that was once the root of the tree or bush. Finding the correct kind of root, too, takes practice. "When I first started making canes, I didn't dig deep enough. Now I am sure to dig down anywhere from two to six inches, then cut off the branch," he explained.

Whenever he and Mrs. Taylor travel, he always picks up some new wood to be made into a cane. From Mexico and Texas, he has found mesquite, rattan, and river willow. From Oregon,



he has whittled a sumac cane, and from Pennsylvania, he has made a distinctive cane from wild grape vine. Most of his canes, however, come from the Maine woods and his own backyard. There are several kinds of maple, poplar, beech, apple tree, and alder among them.

Taylor began making canes ten years ago out of necessity—he fell off



the roof he was repairing, and broke his ankle. He couldn't find a suitable cane, so the then 74-year-old native hobbled to the woods and found one. He has been making them ever since.

Although many people have offered money for his creative work, he has refused to sell any. He has, however, given many to family, grandchildren, and friends.

Making the cane, once the branch has been found, takes patience and a knack for working with a jack-knife. Immediately after cutting the branch, the bark should be removed. Waiting to do the peeling makes it much more difficult to remove the bark. Taylor said it is best to cut the cane and begin peeling when the sap is running. Once the bark is peeled, the whittling begins.

Depending on how many knots and other rough spots there may be in the wood, the job can take from a few minutes to several hours.

Once the cane is smooth, then it is lightly burned with a propane torch. The burning has a two-fold purpose. First it seals the wood, making it stronger, and secondly, it gives color to the cane. Taylor singses the wood, creating various designs.

When the burning is finished, the wood takes about 10 to 14 days in the spring-summer seasons to harden, and up to a month in the winter.

Among Taylor's collection are a few that he has not whittled himself. Some have come from Germany, Mexico, and Ireland.

Having been an outdoorsman all his life, the hobby of finding and creating canes comes naturally. "It gets me into the woods. I can't hunt animals anymore, but I can hunt canes," he concluded.

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Joyce Butler Scribe of Kennebunk

by Jack C. Barnes

"I am proud to be a writer of nonfiction," Joyce Butler declared as she finished autographing a copy of her latest and most successful book—**Wildfire Loose**.

Joyce Butler is the author of three books of nonfiction, countless articles, short stories, and (for ten years) many columns for the weekly Kennebunk *York County Coast Star*.

"I had always wanted to be a writer. I was writing novels when I was ten," she smiled from behind her desk in the small study she and her husband Robert fixed up for her in the rear of the workshop at their lovely old house near Durrell's Bridge in Kennebunk.

Joyce is one of four children born to Portland accountant Charles Kelley and his wife Dorothy. Joyce attended public schools in Portland, Deering High School her freshman year; her family then moved to Gorham where she graduated from Gorham High School in 1951. While completing two years of undergraduate work at Westbrook College, she first met Robert Butler. The two were married in 1955 while she was getting her Bachelor's degree in English at Boston University and he was serving in the U.S. Navy. Prior to joining the Navy, Robert had been a student at the University of Maine at Orono. Although he holds a Master's degree in Library Science from Simmons College of Boston, he has worked in the furniture business for over twenty-three years.

In 1962 the Butlers moved to Kennebunk. It was a momentous event for Joyce, for the move marked the beginning of a lasting love affair with her charming nineteenth-century country home—then very much in need of tender care and much restoration. The move also was a catalyst that enabled her to launch her literary career. Although marriage and rearing children delayed her career as a writer, it was the house (Rosemary House), her husband, and her children (Leslie, Stephanie, and Jim) that provided her with the initial material



which eventually led to her first book—**Pages from a Journal**.

By 1967 Joyce was ready to take the initial step in becoming a serious writer by going to see the editor of the local *York County Coast Star* with a piece she had written.

"Would you be interested in a short piece I have written about this house?" she asked.

The editor looked at it with profound interest and invited her to do a column. She wrote the column "Pages from a Journal" regularly for ten years before she made the decision to stop.

"By that time the children were in high school, and it is a little harder to write about them when they are that old," she explained. "When they were small, I did not think it was an invasion of their privacy because they were so young; and their friends weren't coming to school and saying, 'Oh, I read about you in the paper.'"

Joyce fondly looks in retrospect at the years she wrote for the *Star*.

"I loved writing for the local newspaper because I could write what I thought. I could shape my piece. I didn't have some editor sitting over me telling me 'Well, it has got to be stated this way.' I didn't have any of that with the local paper. The editor, Sandy Brook, didn't pose any artificial bounds on me. He let me write what I wanted to write. I was very comfortable writing for the *Star*, and I feel I wrote some of my best work for the paper."

Pages from a Journal, published in 1975 by the Mercer House Press of Kennebunkport, is composed of sixty-five of the columns she wrote for the local paper. (Only one chapter in this work was never published in the paper.) The book is delightful reading—the smoothness of her style of writing is evident from the very beginning when she describes her first encounter with Rosemary House:

I remember the first time I came here. It was a raw March day. The house had not been lived in for over a year, and the cold and dampness that pervaded the rooms was more a sense of waiting, of resignation to the bleak present state of things, and a feeling of "This too shall pass." Old houses are quite inanimate. They live with Time. They endure. They have being!

Chapter after chapter focuses on the house and the delightful experiences she shares with her family. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. The reader becomes actively involved in restoring the house, is enthralled by the local history of the area, and enjoys family excursions such as to the historical old Hamilton House in South Berwick, made famous by Sarah Orne Jewett in **The Tory Lover**.

Joyce lives on intimate terms with nature and has sharp eyes for the delicate beauty that is seldom seen by the more casual observer. In a chapter appropriately entitled "Spiders," she relates:

There are spiders in the field. They are yellow and black and large; the tracery of their striped legs would span the silver circle of a half dollar. I discovered them when I went to the field to pick goldenrod. I pushed my way through the tangle of pale asters and old tansy and, reaching for a feathery plume of golden-rod, saw, under my hand, a spider, sitting in the center of a large silver web that spanned the air between two stalks.

It is a delicate filament like that from a spider's web that holds her somewhat rambling but delightful chapters together and portrays the true joys of family living.

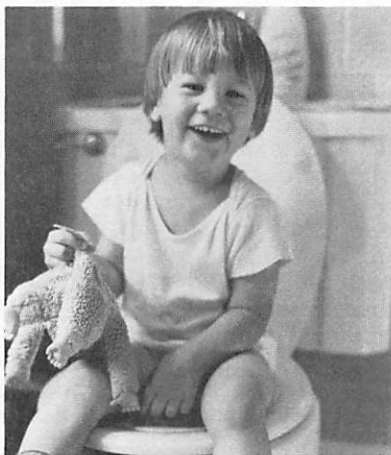
Pages from a Journal serves as a prototype for those who aspire to own an old house in an idyllic setting that is conducive to living a life of togetherness. Recently the Christian Herald Family Book Shelf obtained the right to reprint her journal. It has been reported that almost half the 30,000 copies of the new edition have been sold already. The rebirth of this lovely journal is most heartening to Joyce, for at last it is getting the recognition it so justly deserves.

Although Joyce enjoys writing fiction and has met with some success with her short stories, she finds it difficult to extricate herself from the fascinating history of her area. She became involved through researching the history of her church in Kennebunkport and now devotes many hours each week to The Brick Store Museum on Main Street in Kennebunk.

"I discovered I really had something going for me, and it had its own momentum," she explained about her historical research that led to her writing a second column for the *York County Coast Star*—a column which she wrote for four years and which provided her with the material for her second publication—**Kennebunkport Scrapbook**, published by Tom Murphy of Kennebunk. Although it was Joyce's intention to write a second volume, other successful literary endeavors have occupied her time.

When many people hear the name Joyce Butler, they often ponder for a moment; then suddenly their eyes light up. "Oh, yes, now I recognize the name. She's the lady who wrote about the fires of '47."

With Wildfire Loose: The Week Maine Burned, Joyce has gained



Of Families

The Winners of a Photo Contest on Family sponsored by Child Health Center, Norway

Counterclockwise, from top left, Nicholas Brook of Alcohol Mary Rd., Greenwood, snapped by his Aunt Shirley Brook; two children caught by Sarah Otterson of King Hill, South Paris; at bottom is 1st prize winner of Aaron Yowell by Pamela Chodosh, Norway; right is one photo from a collage on Family Day Care by Diocesan Human Relations of Waterville—photo by Pearl Parent



the reputation for being a dedicated researcher and writer of nonfiction. She spent a year meticulously reading everything she could locate, including three different newspapers, and interviewed about forty-five people to glean as much information as possible about the 250 fires that broke out during the terrible series of conflagrations that threatened to engulf much of Maine in flames in 1947.

"When I started the book, I felt there was no way I could write about the fires and not have some errors," she explained.

But she weeded out the errors by comparing the tapes she made of her interviews with the newspaper articles. She read and indexed anything she could find that had been published about the fires, including town histories that have chapters on them. She made it a point to visit as many sites as possible.

"I went to as many areas as I could and traced the fires so that when I read a newspaper account of the fire going up Mt. Cutler (Hiram), for example, I knew the terrain."

Joyce developed a very systematic index system in which she recorded everything in chronological order.

"When I sat down to write the book, I just started writing chronologically. I wrote it in six months. I really should have taken longer, but I pushed," she recalled.

The book has sold over 4000 copies, which is very good for a local publication. Her punctilious research paid off, for **Wildfire Loose** has been highly praised for its accuracy. To be able to sift through as many conflicting reports and systematically record the progress of each major fire and the roles that hundreds of individuals played in the desperate struggle to subdue each raging inferno was an herculean task. Joyce Butler was equal to the challenge, and her work is proof that nonfiction can be as exciting to read as any work of fiction.

With her family grown up, Joyce has much more time to devote to her writing. Leslie is a graduate of Wheaton College and is now working in Boston. Stephanie, a published poet, graduated last year from Ithaca College and is in theatre management off Broadway. Jim is away most of the time attending college. Consequently, the Butlers are rapidly approaching the time when they feel they must

make a decision as to what to do about Rosemary House, the home that has meant so much to each member of the family—suddenly the house has become almost too large for two people to maintain. Since this is a problem that many couples in the *denouement* of their lives are facing, Joyce has found a new market for at least one article and possibly more centering upon Rosemary House: what to do with the family home when the children have grown up and departed. She is also currently at work transcribing the letters of Eben Mitchell, a 19th century sea captain who sailed a cargo vessel during the 1850's. Joyce also gives lectures on exhibits and writes catalogues and brochures such as "The Kennebunks: A Watering Place," describing the history of the area from 1870 to 1920.

Joyce Butler's most recent accolade was bestowed upon her by the American Association for State and Local History at its annual meeting in Williamsburg, Virginia; she was awarded a certificate of commendation for her excellent work. Joyce was one of two contestants from Maine who were nominated by Dr. Robert York, state historian and professor of Maine history at the University of Southern Maine.

Someday Joyce may sit down and write her first novel. Certainly her painstaking research and writing for local publishers are labors of love, for the monetary rewards are all too frequently miniscule. But for now at least, Joyce continues to devote several hours daily in her rustic hide away doing what she does best—writing nonfiction.

MARCH

by Joyce Butler, from the book **PAGES FROM A JOURNAL**, available from O.T.S. Ltd., P.O. Box 110, Saco, ME 04072, \$8.95 plus 45¢ tax, \$1.00 postage & handling.

March needs music. March stays cold and as a result the snow retreats slowly. The open pocket that has formed around the base of the old maple tree in the yard, and the tip of the stone wall that is exposed, are small comfort to me when I look the other way and see the drifts still laid against the line of lilac bushes at the edge of the woods. I will have to wait a

while longer to see the tips of the daffodils that will push up from the bulbs I planted there last fall.

March does not offer us spring beyond the calendar date that says we have begun that season. The skies are brighter, but with a waiting blue that disappoints our need for relief from winter. March needs music to lift us until April comes.

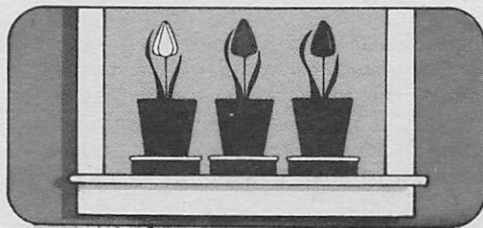
Each listener would have his personal choice of song for this need. Mine is Respighi's music for the pines and fountains of Rome. Spring is in Rome now. I have not been there to know that this is so, but I have read of the Roman sky at this time of year, of the *cumulus piling into the blue* . . . * And in Respighi's music I can hear the urgency of stirring life, the stirring that will come to us here when the peepers begin to sing in the river marsh and the bulbs in our gardens drive the crocus and tulip into the sun.

If I sit long enough with Respighi's music I can lose myself in it. I can imagine dawn in a garden, a garden filled with the *pink and purple of almond and judas trees*. * There is a fountain there and birds and a stone seat set on a mosaic pathway. The garden is enclosed by a wall of honey-colored stone, a wall trailing ivy and new roses. I can imagine being there when the wall was new and the road beyond it was traveled by citizens of Rome: publicans and their slaves, plebians, and even legionnaires.

As I listen the music announces the legionnaires, coming up the road into the peace of the dawn. The rush of their marching feet overshadows the calling of the early birds. They have made an early start from their barracks in the city. Where are they bound, I wonder? To outer Gaul, to Illyricum, to Syria? In their busy-ness they miss the morning, and standing behind the garden wall I am released back into *this beautiful house of sensation in which we live*. * I am left with bird song and the moist music of the fountain.

And, as the music ends, I am left with March in Maine. But I have rested from snow and cold winds. I have been away. I have been out of myself. I am refreshed. March needs music.

*Elizabeth Bowen,
A TIME IN ROME,
Alfred A. Knopf, 1960



Potpourri by Margaret Harriman

Gardening Tips MARCH

Hello again, friends,

Spring really isn't that far away, and as I dust the cob-webs from the attic of my contented, winter-lulled mind, I find that there is much to do in preparation of its advent.

February finds me with feet propped on a foot-stool in front of a crackling fire as I peruse the luscious Spring catalogs that arrive daily, filled with taste-tempting berries and fruits, glorious arrays of annuals and tomatoes red and perfect—that is, until reality sets in and I get to the fertilizer, hoe, sprinkler and bug-killer section (which they very wisely place in the back of the catalogs). If they ever put these in the opening pages, I would get no further and my gardening days would be only a memory.

This may sound like a broken record, but yet another reminder—order your seeds and plants as early as possible to insure sufficient supplies. Disappointment looms on the horizon for the procrastinators. Instead of "Early Wonder," you may receive "Hope it makes it"—the latter may prove interesting, however, and it is sometimes fun to try new varieties.

For the dry-flower enthusiasts, I recommend trying straw flowers, globe amaranth, statice and celosia. It's rewarding and you'll be glad that you did.

It's time to fire up the greenhouse, if it's not already done, or to prepare your window-sill garden plot. Sow seeds of begonias, lobelia, ageratum, verbena, snap-dragon, petunias and pansies. These are slow growers and need more time than vegetables or marigolds and zinnias. Check the growing time on the seed packets if you have a question.

Containers can be most anything: milk cartons, laundry jugs cut in half,

foam trays (deep ones) from the grocery store, even the little foam jobbies from your last "Mac-attack." Re-cycle and save money. Just be sure that containers are washed and some holes punched through for drainage. You may use sphagnum moss, vermiculite, perlite or pro-mix potting soil, which are all available from your garden dealer.

Wet the seed-bed before scattering seeds. Tiny seeds should be scattered, larger ones placed one-quarter to one-half inch deep and covered. Keep planters dark and covered (newspapers are fine) until the little sprouts peek up; then move to a sunny window. Keep them warm (60° to 70° is ideal) and keep the planting medium moist. Transplant or thin when 2nd leaves appear. (There will be 4 leaves.) If plants get too leggy, pinch off the stem above the second set of leaves to encourage branching.

When you have a minute, take cuttings of geraniums, fuchsias, lantanas and coleus, in readiness for Spring planting, also.

There is work to be done outside—as soon as the snow is gone, or mostly gone, scatter some old, well-rotted manure over the lawn. If manure is not available, order some lawn fertilizer from your seed catalog. Let manure wash into the ground as April showers approach. Rake manure away before grass gets really growing.

If you have an old garden spot and wish to re-new it this year, start as soon as the ground is workable, preferably not under water as mine was last year until mid-June. Spread manure and dig in as deep as possible. If your soil is sour, add lime or wood ashes; if heavy, add sand; and if it's sandy add clay or good heavy compost. Dig and then dig again.

Check perennial garden for plants which have heaved out of place and tramp down firmly. Remove mulch from bulb beds before pips break through.

Mice burrow through the snow to get to the bark of young fruit trees. To discourage the little fellows, tramp down the snow around the tree trunks. Of course if you put wire or some other protection around them last fall, fear not.

May hope stir in every heart as Spring stirs the soil of a new beginning.

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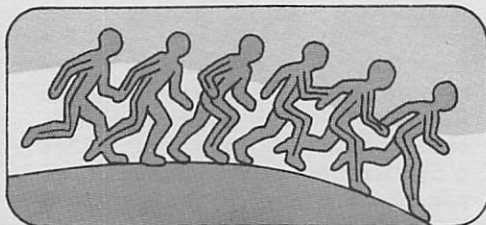
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Medicine for the Hills
by Dr. Michael Lacombe

GIVE AND TAKE

Just as we do, certain families of yeast require thiamine for growth. Some yeast colonies can manufacture part of the thiamine molecule—the thiazole portion—from raw materials scattered here and there in the environment, but require the second half of the molecule, the pyrimidine portion, already pre-formed. These alpha yeast manage quite well alone in a pyrimidine-rich place in the country. For other yeast, the beta families, the reverse is true. They can synthesize the pyrimidine portion without a hitch but must hunt and peck for the thiazole half of the thiamine molecule. Should an alpha family move in next door to a bunch of betas, the two groups get along very well. Each produces more than its share of the particular molecule, in fact, enough for two; and with this trading and swapping that goes on, synthesize thiamine in fine style. It is a matter of two living more cheaply than one. More intriguing than the mutual helping is that both can survive in an environment where neither would have alone. Those who know about such matters call this *syntrophism* or *mutualism*, the highest form of symbiosis attainable on the evolutionary scale of things.

I like to think that a similar sort of mutualism exists among humans. In fact, I am quite certain of it. It helps explain some very puzzling facts of human behavior. I am not suggesting exactly the sort of mutualism enjoyed by alpha and beta yeast, where one might get together over coffee and trade tablets of vitamin B. I'm proposing a more subtle arrangement, albeit no less binding.

Consider other forms of symbiosis. *Parasitism*, one such form, is distressingly familiar to all of us. One species lives at the expense of another. Exam-

ples abound all over the phylogenetic tree. Farmers contend with parasitism daily. In the realm of human disease, the streptococcus may get so involved in its one-sided symbiosis that it can destroy the host unless some antibiotics is wrought by a mold called *Penicillium Chrysogenum*.

In a different, though certainly not higher form, parasitism operates when one human in a relationship prospers at the emotional expense of another.

The next step up the symbiotic ladder is *commensalism* where one species profits greatly from an arrangement with another species, which in turn is helped a bit or not at all. Certain ocean shrimp set up "cleaning stations" where fish which ordinarily feed on these shrimp are cleaned of parasites. For the shrimp, life depends on the set-up; they need the meal . . . and would prefer not to be eaten. The fish, grateful for the laundering, abstain from a meal of shrimp in exchange for the favor.

We find a kind of "social commensalism" in higher animals as well. It is common enough to deserve a term given to it by biologists: *altruistic social behavior*. Porpoises guide an injured relative to the surface for air—intra-species altruism—or protect a capsized human from sharks with an awe-inspiring display of inter-species altruism. A flock of birds will sound the alarm for another species, a favor later to be returned in a kind of reciprocal altruism. And what is Christmas spirit after all? Just learned behavior? A product of Madison Avenue? Or is it altruistic social behavior?

In the next step towards complete interdependency, both species clearly benefit from an arrangement, although not to the same degree, and the mutualism is not obligatory, as it becomes with our alpha and beta yeast. This *facultative mutualism*, or *protocooperation*, is exemplified by the Egyptian plover who picks leeches from the open mouths of crocodiles. Similarly, the cattle egret of North America rids antelope of disease-bearing insects. The life of neither depends upon this protocooperation, but both profit from it. With *obligative mutualism* as displayed by our friends the yeast, life for both is at

M Don't Just Sniffle! Make Some Chicken Garlic Soup

Good Old Cold Remedies by Robin Hansen

It starts with a sniffle in the back of the nose, a sneezy tickle it would be nice to ignore, sometimes with a sore throat. By nightfall, the nose is useless for breathing, the eyes are runny and feel like slits, and the sore throat is for real.

It's the beginning of a cold, the common name for a number of viruses affecting the nasal passages.

"Take some vitamin C," someone says, well-meaning. Sometimes the vitamin C works, taken in time in sufficient quantity. Recent studies show that vitamin C doesn't cure a cold but can markedly reduce the symptoms, which boils down to the same thing, if you're the victim.

Other times, it's too late to block it with vitamin C, or it's a C-resistant germ. (This is a highly unscientific but useful term.) Then the victim must prepare for a three to 10-day siege with no chance of a cure.

The nicest thing a cold victim can do for his neighbors is to go home and climb into bed. Unfortunately, this usually just makes the victim feel worse. For some reason, cold air and an upright position help clear the nose, while the opposite just intensifies things.

The alternative to staying home in bed is to find a way to feel better, to which end hundreds of cold medicines are sold every year, from nose drops to cough syrups. These don't purport to cure the common cold, just to make the sufferer feel better.

Some people feel a medicine has to cost money to be effective. It's part of the capitalistic mystique. Other people swear by old-time remedies from their Lithuanian grandmother or their Korean great-aunt. Like the medicines in the drugstores, these won't cure your cold but do make you feel better, and they are free, or almost.

Some of these homey recipes are delicious; some are fun to make or to take, while others thrive on the idea

that cures have to be unpleasant to be effective. Most are not so medicinal that one couldn't use them anytime or give them to everyone in the family, sick or well.

The first symptom of a cold is often a dry or sore throat. An old Maine tradition for a sore throat is to tie a stocking around it—a dirty stocking. That keeps the throat warm, but also assures that the patient will not appear in public, apparently an important part of many folk remedies for colds.

For a really nasty sore throat, an equally nasty remedy: Make a tea of 1/4 teaspoon goldenseal (from the health food store) and about 1 1/2 cups of boiling water. Gargle this, warm or



cold, every hour or so, and let a little—not much—go down the throat. Unlike the other remedies here, this cures.

Comfrey and chamomile tea are mildly medicinal and reputed to ease many ills. Whether or not they do, they are nice, non-stimulating, warm drinks that feel and taste good.

A number of folk remedies for colds are ways of getting vitamin C into the body. They work well as preventatives, but are also good during a cold.

The simplest source of fresh vitamin C is one or two fresh oranges a day. A mother I know insists that her children eat one orange every day and says they don't catch colds at all.

Rose hip tea, a rich source of vitamin C, is made by pulverizing and boiling the little red fruits of the rugosa rose bush—the furry rose bush often seen at the beach. Rose hips are used both to prevent and to treat colds in northern Europe. During the second World War, the German government planted rugosa bushes along rail lines to assure their troops a handy source of vitamin C.

Commercial rose hip tea, *nypon the*, is manufactured in Sweden and is sometimes sold here in health food stores. To make your own, gather the fruits in August or September, half them, and scoop out the fibrous seed material. The fruit can be dried in the oven on very low heat, then stored in quart jars. To make tea, grind a few rose hips in a coffee grinder or grain mill and boil until soupy in a cup or two of water.

Hot elderberry toddy, also a good source of vitamin C, is bracing and delicious on a cold day. To make it, you need elderberry juice—easy to boil from fresh September elderberries, but not easy to buy except in health food stores.

Use half a vanilla bean, two whole cloves, half a lemon peel, three-quarters of a cup of water and 2 1/4 cups concentrated elderberry juice. Put everything but the juice in a saucepan and boil for a few minutes, then add the juice. Serve very warm. This makes about three cups.

Chicken soup is a popular remedy for a head cold. It certainly clears the sinuses in short order. Most broths do.

To make a chicken soup with some tomatoes (for vitamin C), some onions and garlic (to kill germs), chicken broth (to satisfy the need for chicken broth), and pepper (which also clears the head), this French recipe is recommended, adapted from Julia Child. It takes all morning to make, so the cold victim should plan to stay home and concentrate on the ingredients.

Potage Magali

3/4 cup sliced onions and leeks,
mixed
3 Tbsp. olive oil
1 1/2 fresh, ripe red tomatoes
(or a 15-oz. can tomato sauce)
4 large cloves garlic, minced or
mashed
4-5 cups chicken broth
6 sprigs parsley, chopped
1 bay leaf
1/4 tsp. thyme
4 fennel seeds
6 large basil leaves or 1 tsp. dried
basil.

Cook onions and leeks in oil until tender but not brown. Peel tomatoes, chop them, and stir them into the mixture. Add garlic and stir at moderate heat for three minutes. Add chicken broth. Bring to boil and sprinkle in rice. Add herbs, season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer partially covered for 30 min. Carefully taste, then add pinches of sugar if desired and small amounts of tomato paste for color, if desired.

Chicken soup, either plain or in the above variation, is recommended three times a day until the victim recovers . . . or says he has. It's much nicer

than nasal spray and does the same job.

Onions and garlic have long been considered medicinal for various ailments. It's said if one wears a clove of garlic on a string around the neck all winter, he'll get through the season without sickness. He may not be able to get near enough to anyone to catch something!

An Arab friend of mine eats raw onions for a cold. It clears the nasal passages and keeps his friends from catching colds, or even approaching him.

Emily Polito, of Five Islands, recommends **onion butter**, not only for colds but for general health. She says it's sweet and delicious and doesn't really taste much like onions. Cooked only to a mush, the onions can be smeared on the cold sufferer's chest as a poultice to help clear a chest cold. Cooked to a fine butter, like apple butter, it is smeared on bread or eaten with a spoon in small quantities.

Emily suggests using about three pounds of onions, peeled and chopped up. They are boiled and boiled in a small amount of water until they become a paste.

A Korean cold remedy has neither chicken soup, garlic, pepper, or vitamin C in it—surprising in a culture where all are important in the daily diet. The only time I've seen this remedy used for a cold, it worked fine.

Korean Cold Remedy

Heat 1 c. honey and 1 c. water to boiling and stir until honey is dissolved. Add two cups of white wine. Heat almost to boiling and serve. The recipe serves two to four people.

Honey eases a sore throat, but according to a Mid-coast Region physician, also provides a culture medium for more germs.

When the cold has reached its final stages, and the victim sounds awful but feels better, all is well.

However, if he or she is moving into bronchitis or pneumonia, then it's time to give up the home remedies and talk to the doctor. That's not nearly as much fun as making chicken garlic soup or elderberry toddy, but it's still advisable.

Robin Hansen is a regular correspondent for the Brunswick Times Record, where this piece was first published. A resident of Bath, she edits the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance newsletter.

... Page d Medicine

stake. The wood-roach very much depends upon the existence of a one-celled protozoan within its intestines. The roach chews and swallows wood but cannot digest the cellulose without the help of its microscopic endosymbiotic partner. The protozoan can split the cellulose into simple sugars which both species can use. In return the protozoan receives a protected micro-habitat with plenty of food and water.

What I mean to say with all this biological side-tracking is that I believe that the growth of a relationship between two human beings may recapitulate the evolutionary development of symbiosis, much as the embryologic development in utero summarizes in a brief few months the evolutionary development of the human species in general. Most sustained human relationships begin as altruistic social behavior, progress to a form of proto-cooperation, and, for a fortunate few, evolve to a kind of like-fulfilling mutualism. And those of us deprived of this are the poorer for it. We all know those couples who communicate without words, whose deeds are a product greater than the sum of its parts, who become, in short, One. And we can predict that in old age, when one of the couple passes on, the other will likely soon follow. And consider this fact: aside from cigarette smoking, the greatest threat to living one's allotted three score and ten lies in living alone. Stated more simply, people who are married tend to live longer.

Not long ago, a favorite patient of mine, a crusty old Yankee, came in reluctantly for his annual appointment. We began with the obligatory warm-up period, during which materia nonmedica must first be reviewed. Last winter was hard we agreed, and this one would be worse. Too much rain last spring, so the fishing was poor and tomato blossoms didn't set. A dry fall had him lugging water again. Didn't get his deer this year. Pipes frozen. And so on.

"What's it take," I asked, "to survive a life in Maine?"

He squinted, as he always does when about to be profound.

"A good wife," he answered.

(for A.I.E.)

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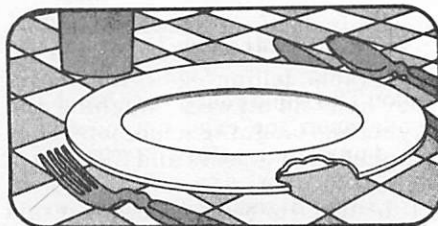
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Food For Thought by Lucia Owen

When Captain Lemuel Gulliver in his celebrated *Travels* allows himself to be frisked by a contingent of tiny Lilliputians, they discover in his pockets vast and mysterious objects that make no sense. The largest is a globe, half of silver, half of some transparent substance. Gulliver tells them that he seldom does anything without it and that it points out the time for every action of life. The Lilliputian sages conclude that the object must be Gulliver's god. Gulliver offers no comment and his readers, having perhaps come to the end of a chapter, glance hurriedly at their own watches. It must be time to pick up the kids at school or take out the garbage.

Harried and bullied as we are by time, we must firmly resist the temptation to let it run us. That's easy enough to say, you snort to yourself as you collect all the cans and bottles next to the refrigerator, grab the dry-cleaning, the shopping list, the sick cat, and stuff them all into the car. You can save three trips and still be home in time for a meeting at 6:30.

Fortunately, both time and human nature contain oases suitable for regrouping our own private runaway caravans. By nature we usually have to eat three times a day, and surely one of those refueling stops out to provide time to slow down. Unfortunately, dinner, the meal that should be that single oasis is often just as rushed as everything else. There are two choices: either to treat mealtime as simply stoking the machine, or to take hold of whatever time is available and make in it and of it something comforting, healing, and calming. (Over my shoulder my husband suggests a Manhattan. I step on his foot.)

In such a moment, trying to regain perspective, restore priorities, and make dinner, I turn to the dozen or so eggs in the refrigerator. When in doubt, make an omelet. The great

thing about omelets is that the filling is infinitely variable. It all depends on what's around. A bit of cheese, some left-over cooked broccoli or spinach, the one piece of bacon no one ate last Sunday—all will do nicely, separately or in combination. A simple but subtle omelet can be filled with just a sprinkling of mixed herbs—thyme, chives, oregano, parsley, etc. Or, as an antidote for what ails, try a strawberry omelet. Simply sauté some sliced fresh strawberries in butter and brown sugar until they are heated through, then use them as a filling. The result restores equanimity, as well as the sense of having an emergency brake on time's winged chariot.

Another omelet of similar restorative power is an omelet with croutons. We ate our first one in France, where weak in both French and experience, we asked the waitress what "omelet aux croutons" meant on the menu. She shrugged pitifully and said, "Well—it's an omelet . . . with croutons." Cowed, we ordered one. Sure enough, the omelet was filled with bread cubes crunchy with bacon fat and seasonings—croutons, with a doubt. By croutons I do *not* mean the little chemical cubes that come in boxes. I mean the ones I have made out of cut-up stale bread. After cooking bacon for Sunday breakfast, for instance, I can easily pop the bread cubes into the skillet with some of the bacon fat, then add a little garlic, some herbs or some Parmesan cheese. Then, after being tossed in the pan, the cubes crisp quickly in a medium oven.

There are various schools of omelet making, and partisan spirit runs high. Most agree that no more than four eggs should be used, but here the ways part. The French maintain that an omelet should never show color on the outside. Others maintain with equal fervor that an omelet must be evenly and lightly browned. Controversy also flares over the consistency of the middle and the style of folding. Some say in half, some say in thirds. I decide this time on lightly browned, slightly runny, and folded in half. Having such forceful but flexible opinions gives me the certainty of knowing my own mind about something, at least. If nothing else, I am firmly in control of my own dinner time.

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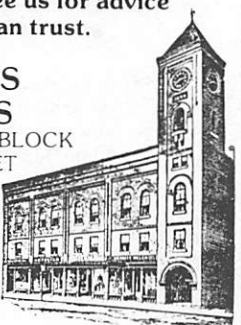
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... Page 15 Another Miracle

with Kaisa in October. It had been several years since Kaisa had seen Aino. As young girls, they had traveled together to America, but after they had married, they had gone separate ways, each with her husband. Years had a way of passing between visits.

Kaisa knew that upon occasion Aino took some drink. So as she made preparations for her visitor, Kaisa thought about the jug in the cellar. Why shouldn't she offer a little of her share to her friend? Why, just the thing!

What pleasure the two friends had, eating all the good food Kaisa had prepared and going over old times. They talked and laughed so hard that, more than once, they had to wipe the tears away.

On the last evening of Aino's visit, Matti threw up his hands and said that two women in the house sounded like two crows on the roof. He was going to bed. Kaisa saw her opportunity and scooted down to the cellar and came back with the whiskey from Canada.

"This will help to make your visit here a pleasant memory," Kaisa said, holding the jug high for Aino to see.

"Only if you will have some too," Aino insisted. "Just a little to keep me company."

"Well... Only a little," Kaisa at last assented, a tingling thrill running up her spine as she poured the golden-brown liquid into two water tumblers. "This is the best you can get, you know. It's from Canada!"

"Yes. Yes. In Canada they know how to make it. That's for sure. *Kippis!*" she said, raising her glass in toast.

The whiskey wasn't at all what Aino had anticipated. It had the oddest taste, and it seemed completely lacking in fire. But she was a guest, so she didn't say a word. Perhaps, she thought, in Canada they really didn't know their business that well after all.

Kaisa, unused to drink, sipped warily from her glass. She, too, was surprised by the taste. She hadn't known that whiskey would taste so much like... like... Now what did it taste like? She sipped again. Coffee! That was it! It tasted like coffee! But not wanting to seem ignorant, she didn't say a word to Aino about the surprising

flavor. Instead she asked, "More?"

They sat by the lantern on the kitchen table, telling again the stories they had told all week, laughing and crying and laughing some more. They emptied their glasses and filled them again.

"I should go to bed," Aino at last said with a huge yawn. "So much traveling tomorrow."

"And I'm tired too," said Kaisa, gripping the edge of the table to steady herself. But actually, she was anxious to get to the loft. There was something she wanted to ask Matti.

Once in bed, Kaisa nudged her husband who had already been asleep for three hours, but he only turned over and began a wet, noisy snore. Bracing herself on her elbows, she kicked him so hard in the legs that he woke with a start. "What? What?" he blubbered in sleepy confusion.

"The whiskey! It tastes like coffee! Why does it taste so odd?"

"The whiskey?" her husband said in groggy bewilderment. "The whiskey? Ahh..." he nodded, now fully awake. "Were you at the whiskey?"

"Aino..." Kaisa said quickly. "You know about Aino..."

"Of course it tastes like coffee! Anyone knows whiskey that is kept too long turns to coffee. It's your own fault for trying to keep it for so many months. Now, why did you wake me for such a small thing? You know I'm a working man!" With that, he turned his back to his wife and resumed his snore.

"It does?" she said puzzled.

Kaisa lay with her eyes open long into the night. The fact was, she had not known that whiskey would turn into coffee. And of course, before this, she had never tried drink. It had been something she had never wanted. But now that she had been tempted...

With her eyes wide open, she stared at the vague dark shape that was Matti's back and thought about the whiskey that had turned to coffee. And then suddenly, she understood!

Of course! It was just another miracle! The good Lord who looked over them all had transformed it into coffee! He had done it to keep her from developing a taste for it! It was that simple. She reached over and lovingly touched her husband on the shoulder. And with the mystery resolved, her eyelids began to droop, and she at last slept.

Gorham, N.H., site of yesterday's Gallivant Train turnaround from Portland, was originally a railroad town, with long narrow yard, engine service facilities and, until shortly after the turn of the century, a complex of buildings for overhauling locomotives and repairing car equipment. Its establishment as a terminal point in the early years, where trains waited while engines and crews were changed, in close proximity to the towering White Mountains, spawned its present-day role as a gateway and mecca for vacationists touring the National Forest attractions.

Here begins the ascent of Cascade Hill for Berlin, a rise of two hundred feet, climbing among ledgetops and through shallow channels of rock, as spectacular in themselves as are the brilliantly-colored forests of hardwood dominating the opposite walls of the valley. Coming through a deep rock cut that marks entrance to Berlin yard, a towering sentinel of bare stone, Glass Face, becomes visible to the southside of the train. Beyond the depot, which is at the summit of the grade, the yard tracks and mainline curve leftward towards the non-paper-making industrial sector, and a long spur leading off to the right crosses the heart of the city to connect with the Brown Company's upper yard. As the train eases slowly along the yard, Glass Face assumes a new profile, and the aroma from an adjacent fast-food franchise wafting through the open cab windows prompts Engineer Gordy Samson to comment about pulling to a stop and getting three-hundred chicken dinners to go!

Several months previous, on a similar enthusiast-sponsored run from Montreal to Berlin and return, we did exactly that. Of course, it was prearranged during the sightseeing lay-over that the box lunches would be prepared and ready to take aboard at departure time. As soon as the passengers were all embarked, the train pulled away from the depot and came to a halt right beside the food franchise's parking lot. Imagine the reaction of the other customers upon seeing the train suddenly stop and the countergirl turns to the kitchen mike to say "Three hundred chicken dinners to go!"

Leaving Berlin the train proceeds into the Dead River valley. Its distant hillsides reflect an uncertain autumn, with great stands of unchanged leaves

Wrecks & Memories on the Grand Trunk



THE FOLIAGE TRAIN PART V by John R. Davis

one moment, nearly leafless trees the next, while around the curve another ridge exudes each hue of nature's changing process. Moving away from the wetland, only the ground color and scattered minetailings overgrown with evergreens reveal the site of Copperville and attest to the vanished hamlet's appropriate name.

After crossing the Amonoosuc twice in a short distance over Bridge Numbers 72 and 73, the countryside opens onto the Milan Highlands, a narrow plateau dotted with tiny hamlets that hint of an abundant agricultural past. *The depot of West Milan once sat here inside the curve; but like the freight house and countless outbound boxcars loads of hay for cities of the horse-drawn era, it has been committed to that which once was and is no more.* At Crystal, where the depot was situated on the southside of the track just past the roadway crossing, the rails seem to aim straight for the distant base of the twin Percy Peaks, and the I-beam walls of Bridge Number 77 over Phillips Brook echo a steady clickety-clack from the coach wheels rushing over the railjoints. Then Percy, site of a former depot that was a familiar landmark to generations of Washingtonians and New Yorkers who spent summers at their luxurious villas on Lake Christine's western end, flashes by and the train begins traversing a series of sharp ess-curves.

(Above) girls from Stark, N.H., wait for the foliage train to stop in their charming village (see next page).

The long coaches weave snake-like around them, wheelflanges squealing against the rails, to finally exit from a sandy cut and roll slowly along a gentle left-hand curve on the northbank of the Upper Amonoosuc. Train speed continues to drop, slower and slower. Suddenly the engines lean to the right, presenting a panoramic scene of the tiny hamlet of Stark, New Hampshire, with its covered bridge, church and meeting house. Aligned on the village green attired in colonial costume, stand all the children, each holding a placard segment that spells out: "Welcome 470 Club."

Here the train will stop to detrain passengers, then move back around the curve and sit clear of the village crossing, affording everyone ample opportunity to stroll through the covered bridge, tour the church and meeting house, and enjoy the splendid view of Devil's Slide, a seven hundred foot perpendicular wall of rock more than half a mile wide. The Indians, who passed the story down from generation to generation over the ages, have said that long ago this was a huge mountain, barring passage to the valley beyond. One day the invisible spirits inhabiting all these mountain regions became engaged in a quarrel so intense that the heavens were ablaze with wind and storm, and the ground shuddered with such force that one-half of this mountain collapsed and sank into the depths of the earth, leaving only a hollow expanse of splintered trees and shivered rock to mark its burial site.

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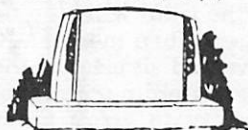
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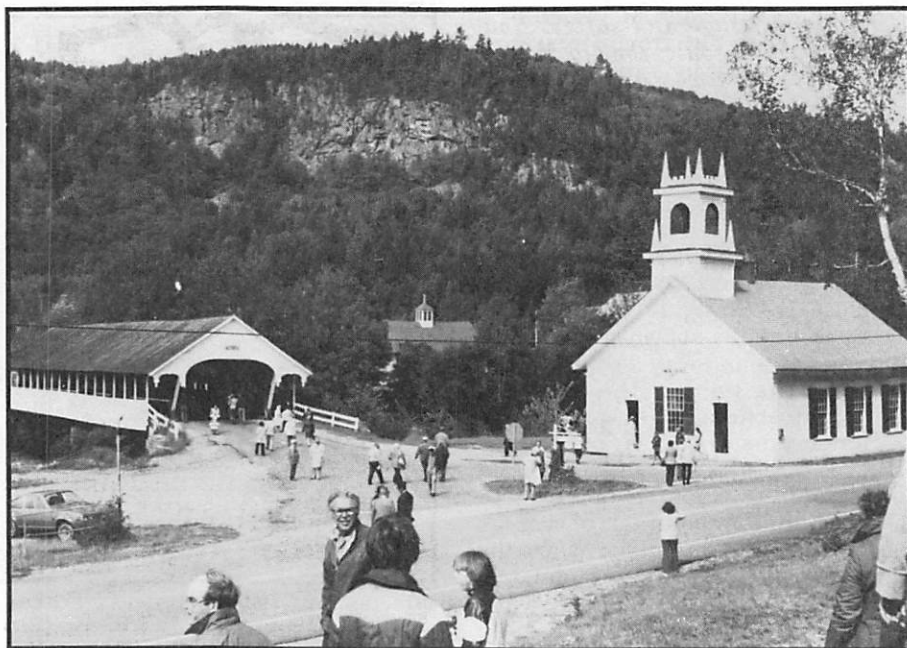
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Too soon, it is time to leave, and the train pulls down to embark the passengers. It again backs along the riverbank, and then comes forward accelerating out of the curve to reward the graciousness of the Stark Village Society with their very own photo runby. Barely west of the village, the sun which emerged upon the train's arrival, disappears behind threatening clouds. Halfway to Groveton, raindrops spatter the cab windows.

Thundering over a highway underpass and across Bridge Number 81, the Groveton, the train slows for the righthand curve that leads through the community. The huge papermill is prominent to the southside, beyond the brick depot which has also been shared by the Boston & Maine and Maine Central railways over the years. For nearly six months following the great flood of 1927 which washed away most of interior Vermont, several doubleheaders ran daily between Island Pond and White River Junction via here and Woodsville. Operated by Grand Trunk and Central Vermont crews using a mixture of locomotives and equipment on loan from various other parts of the Canadian National system, they moved the tonnage and construction material required in rebuilding the disaster-stricken area. During the first three months of that period, the deluxe Montreal-Washington express trains were routed via the Grand Trunk between Montreal and Portland.

This train, racing beneath overcast skies across Bridge Number 82, Blackberry Grade, through Mapleton (alias Stratford Hollow) is somewhat reminiscent of those deluxe "Washingtonians" and "Montrealer" expresses. Beatties, once site of a diamond which carried the Maine Central's Beecher Falls branch over onto the northside, was also inundated by the flood of 1927 as the Connecticut River rose high above its banks. The branch's abandoned roadbed is still visible much of the way along the wide interval.

The factory now visible on the southside approaching North Stratford used to be the New Hampshire Stave and Heading Company, with their own Shay locomotives bringing in log-trains from the East Branch region beyond Bloomfield, directly down to the mill via an agreement that allowed them use of the Grand Trunk's passing track. Thus in essence, the trains of three different railways could run side by side from here to North Stratford village. Approaching the depot, the present Beecher Falls line swings off to the right from its junction point with the Grand Trunk.

The train leaves New Hampshire and enters Vermont on Bridge Number 96, the Connecticut River, four seventy-five foot spans some twenty-five feet above the riverbed. Here a party of Roger's Rangers, pursued and harassed by the Indians in withdrawing from attacks along Quebec's fron-

tiers, found refuge and safety. Now we follow their route, the old Magog Road, part waterway and part overland trail, with much of the latter incorporated in the very pathway upon which the tracks carrying this train are laid.

The forest appears much as it did that rainy, overcast day of February 4th, 1853, when the first coaches were drawn westbound from Northumberland to Island Pond City—the last twenty miles an unbroken wilderness of fir, spruce, and birch, with few openings and fewer settlements. The dark thickets of the Wenlock Woods are ominous and foreboding, the climb upgrade among them oftentimes perilous and eerie.

In April 1912 a heavy westbound freight, with orders to meet the east-bound night Pullman train at Wenlock, stalled near the Stone Dam coming up the hill. Unable to lift the entire tonnage further, the train was cut in two. The engine took the forward section up to the siding at Wenlock where it left the head brakeman with those cars to flag the passenger train to a stop; while the engine went back down the grade to get the rest of its train. As the orders did not require Number 4 to stop, since the freight coming west was to occupy the siding, it is thought that the passenger engineer mistook the cars on the siding to be the whole train. Despite the brakeman's lantern being thrown at his cab window he continued on through. Just as the freight engine was about to couple onto the rear section of cars it was struck headon by Number 4. The passenger engineer was the only fatality in the collision which seriously injured the crew of the freight train, two postal clerks and two passengers.

From Wenlock through East Brighton, only an occasional building along Vermont's Route 105, which parallels the track's north side, marks the presence of man in a beautifully wild landscape as far as the eye can see. Except for this track it's impossible to guess that man has ever been here, until the train slows nearing the Yard Limit marker for Island Pond, and the Ethan Allen plant comes up on the north side. The south side affords glimpses of the community's name-sake waters.

The east switch comes into view. Beyond it a vast open space that was the engine terminal area and east



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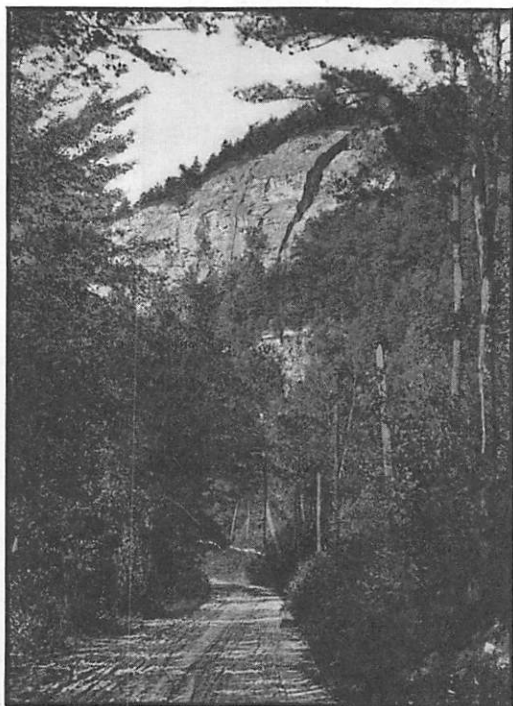
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Can You Place It?

Last issue's "Can You Place It?" was a stumper for many people. Though tentative identifications of locale (Otisfield? Sumner?) were given us by a couple of people, the most definitive came from Donn Osier III, who wrote us from West Ossipee, N.H. to confirm our suspicions:

"One of your photos in your Can You Place It? section is taken from the old P & RF crossing at Poland taken between 1900 and 1905. The building has just been remodelled on the end away from the photograph, which is a shame as it has destroyed its railroad look, but there is not much that can be done about it now. Wish I'd had the money to buy it when it was for sale a few years ago."

Agnes Lahti, East Waterford, also wrote to identify the Will Goodwin House in our November issue.



yard, the latter's southern edge presents an unhindered study of the lake with the island in the middle. Ahead, railings lined with residents and tourists, is the new highway overpass. Unlike the old wooden structure it replaced (which featured a unique forty-five degree turn near the center), it bars a direct view through to the old west yard. As the train emerges from beneath the bridge upon a track no longer platformside, we see the station of Island Pond itself; that Great Halfway Place on the Portland to Montreal line. Its role as such during recent years has diminished sharply by the advancements we call progress.

continued next month

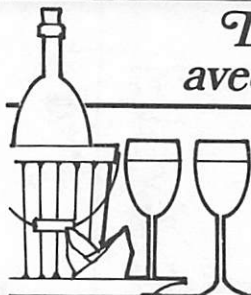
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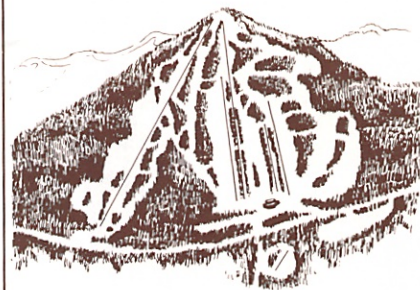
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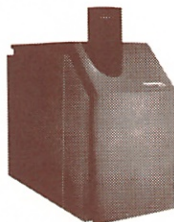
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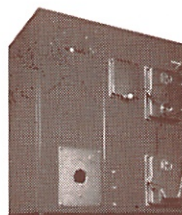
The Energy Company for the 1980's



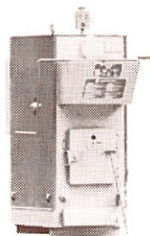
Thermo Pride
Wood/coal furnace can be installed with existing furnace as companion unit.



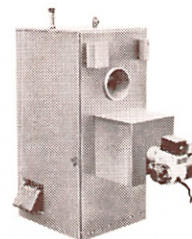
Turboflame
Flame retention boiler—wet base, steel, oil-fired hot water boiler.



HS Tarm
Type OT multi-fuel steel plate boiler.



Frank's Boiler
Wood/coal, solid fuel residential, commercial or industrial boiler.



Simplex
"The boiler that does it all"—with four fuel capabilities.

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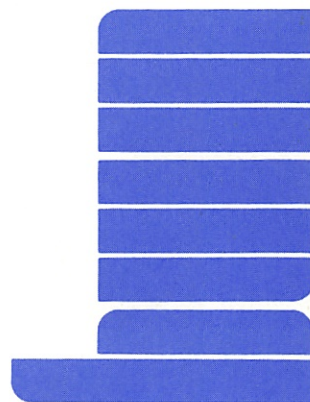
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